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MAY 13, 1983

The Moderation of Robert Dole

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Space Lasers?

Walter A. McDougall

Also: John Coyne on Chicago ☆ John McLaughlin on a Reagan Win in Africa ☆ Tom Bethell on Why Natural Gas Costs So Much

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Consumer Orientation
No. 22 in a Series
Subject: Luftwiderstand.
The Porsche Concept of
Aerodynamic Efficiency.

22 Porsche 944

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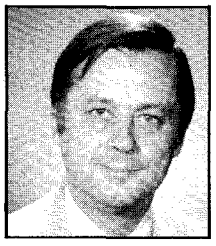

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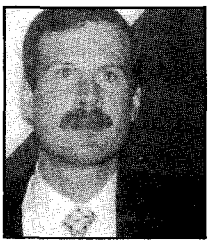

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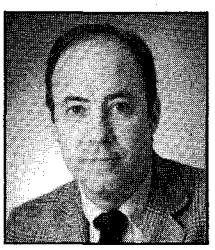

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A Defense for the Future?

550 How Not to Think about Space Lasers

An anti-missile force in space will cost no more, in constant dollars, than the Apollo moon program. You can say it wouldn't work, or you can say it would be provocative, but you can't say both. The stark fact is that outer space has already been militarized—for a long time now—and history doesn't move backward. But before we talk about shooting down enemy missiles, we must shoot down a few liberal shibboleths. Herewith a first strike. *Walter A. McDougall*

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What's this? The Cubans pulling out of Angola? If so, it means the Soviets' African campaign may have come a cropper. *John McLaughlin*

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When buyer and seller agree, you have what's called a price. Don't look now, but it appears Congress may be catching on to this apparently elusive *aperçu*. Did you know that natural gas comes in 26 vintages? *Tom Bethell*

546 The Trading Psycho-Syndrome

The West keeps swallowing synonyms for "peaceful coexistence" without stopping to define them. We need a dictionary, not a thesaurus. *Brian Crozier*

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The Left keeps saying Bob Dole has "grown." Maybe, but he hasn't really changed. For a long spell he was pretty solidly conservative. But then the times—or was it the *Times*?—demanded moderation. *Richard Brookhiser*

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Was Harold Washington's victory a fluke or a harbinger? Maybe both. *John R. Coyne Jr.*

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Our readers reply—warmly, analytically, contentiously, dyspeptically—to Michael Novak.

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566 Would Orwell be a socialist today? Nobody can say for sure, asserts **Robert C. de Camara**, but his writings express his sense of the tension between freedom and equality, and his love of freedom seemed to be winning out when he died. He wrote the best socialist propaganda ever, but he also saw through the scoundrels who were ruling in socialism's name. . . . **John Simon** hails—and crowns—*King of Comedy*. . . . **Joseph Sobran** runs down some recent TV fare. If you saw it, you'd run it down too. . . . **D. Keith Mano** tunes in on Dr. Ruth Westheimer, but doesn't turn on or drop out. It seems she's put sex back in the clinic, where it belongs.

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Letters

Time and Again

Again *NR* tackles a tough issue: the legalization of marijuana. After reading the discussion between Richard Vigilante and Richard C. Cowan ["Pot-Talk: Is Decriminalization Advisable?" April 29], I conclude that it doesn't matter. The laws have proven ineffectual, and one as always must decide for oneself.

Regardless of exactly how much respiratory risk is involved in smoking pot or what kind of "sexual aberration" is caused, why risk anything? Even though much more evidence about the effects of marijuana is now available, much is still unknown. Consideration of, say, the Pill is somewhat similar to these discussions of marijuana: answers to the questions of both prudence and morality are dependent on the evidence regarding any possible long-lasting health effects, such as the increase of susceptibility to cancer. If there is the slightest possibility of lung decay or infertility due to the use of a simple stimulant like marijuana, why do it?

Too often young people like myself abuse our bodies for the sake of the immediate. We feel no accountability for abusing what we have been given. So many of us try so hard to achieve notoriety or insobriety that we don't stop to think or listen. I was one of those five-or-six-joints-a-day teenagers, and for some unforeseen reason I now cannot bear children. My doctors don't know why.

In any event, thank you for your boldness in addressing this timely issue. Perhaps you can next address the desire to escape the present while locking ourselves in it.

Cassandra Dearing
Chicago, Ill.

Actual Altruism?

George Gilder in his "Family, Faith, and Economic Progress" [April 15] continues to miss the point when he restates what is one of Michael Novak's major theses also (see *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*), namely, that at the core of capitalism there is an altruistic motivation. "In other words," he says, "not self-interest but altruism is the crux of the capitalist triumph."

This is double-talk. That the entrepreneur must seek to please folks with his product is immaterial morally from the Christian churchman's point of view. Altruism may be a structural component of the economic system of capitalism, but from the point of view of the individual entrepreneur it is philosophically accidental, because the primary motive remains selfish. (If he could sell more of his products by displeasing people, he would.)

On the other hand, here is where these same churchmen miss the point when they favor socialist systems of redistribution. Charity under those systems is by force of law. Socialism is therefore also structurally altruistic, but only accidentally so in the heart of the individual taxpayer.

The true field of polemical battle does not lie in the moral realm. Which system works best to satisfy the wants and relieve the distress of most people? Which are the prosperous societies of this world, and which the impoverished ones, and where is want accidental instead of structural? These constitute the litmus test.

F. R. Buckley
Camden, S.C.

I was pleased to read Mr. Gilder's recent article, which in a roundabout fashion asked a salient question, namely, what is the relationship between economic liberty and the sorely needed return to Western values? Unfortunately, he tended to mangle the point, writing that people fail to understand Adam Smith, that self-interest leads to socialism, and that capitalism is altruistic. The first of these three premises is correct.

The Adam Smith who wrote that when businessmen gather, talk turns to the fixing of prices was the same Adam Smith who wrote that it is not through the beneficence of the butcher and the baker that we are provided with meat and bread. His view is symphonic in its complexity, arguing that within the bounds of law, self-interest is morally neutral but socially and economically good. There is room in Adam Smith's world for a Mother Teresa as well as a Henry Ford Sr. When Mr. Gilder uses the same language to describe both, when he paints pictures of businessmen skipping lamblike through the economy, he turns Adam Smith's symphonics into Muzak.

I am sympathetic to Mr. Gilder's aim: to absolve successful entrepreneurs from feelings of guilt. I also agree with him that in some, but not all, businessmen there is a spirit of gamesmanship and challenge that transcends balance sheets (although, while socially and economically good, this feeling of challenge is surely not that different morally or emotionally from the thrill of the craps table). But I do not believe that Mr. Gilder does anyone any good by denying that many businessmen, just like many other people, are self-serving boors. That only clouds the real debate on liberty and moral renewal, as

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ON THE B VITAMINS

Are they doing well by you . . . can they do more for you?

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Quietly, without receiving as much attention as other nutrients, the B vitamins have been proving to be significant — sometimes unexpectedly significant — factors for health . . . their deficiencies important in diverse health problems and those deficiencies not uncommon. Some B vitamins, moreover, appear to have remarkable value as medications rather than as nutrients alone.*

ITEM: A German study finds low levels of vitamin B_6 in many chronic kidney stone formers . . . and a U. S. study determines that the vitamin may be valuable for markedly cutting stone formation.

ITEM: Quintupling the risk of heart disease, familial hypercholesterolemia produces excessive blood cholesterol levels that often resist dietary changes and fail to respond satisfactorily to conventional drugs. But the levels come down when vitamin B_3 is added to treatment.

ITEM: Among the most devastating of congenital abnormalities, neural-tube birth defects include spina bifida (defective spinal column closure), encephalocele (*protrusion of the brain through the skull*), and anencephaly (absence of any brain tissue). Now it appears that a B vitamin, folic acid, may be useful in helping to prevent them.

ITEM: Vitamin B_6, *sometimes called "the sleeping giant of nutrition,"* may prove useful against a vision-destroying eye disorder and against a potent factor in atherosclerosis and heart disease.

Clearly, the B vitamins rank high among essential nutrients. It's not news that they serve many vital purposes, that life is impossible without them, and that with gross deficiencies of any of them health can be seriously impaired.

But, as often as not, vitamin deficiencies today may not be gross. They can be subtle yet responsible for otherwise mysterious or stubborn problems.

Moreover, some of the B vitamins, aside from their *normal roles*, now are being found useful as pharmacologic agents — as drugs rather than solely as nutrients, drugs of considerable value.

What follows is a concise look — *at both what has*

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well as debases the moral standing of those rare and justly treasured people who are successful capitalists as well as altruists and philanthropists.

Stephen J. Masty
Washington, D.C.

Waste Not . . .

I want to congratulate NATIONAL REVIEW for the editorial paragraph [April 15] concerning Yuri Andropov's resentment of President Reagan's proposed missile defense system.

I heard the Russian editorials first-hand on Radio Moscow the morning after President Reagan's speech. The tenor of their objections was indeed that "it won't work," and, "besides, it is a waste of U.S. taxpayers' money."

Since the dawn of history, when has any nation been concerned about the waste of defense money by the enemy?

W. G. Partridge
Tacoma, Wash.

Withholding Corral

John McLaughlin's usual trenchant insight has failed him in his commentary on tax withholding on interest and dividends ["High Noon for Withholding," April 15]. He seems to have swallowed the contention of the taxers-and-spenders that the opposition is rigged. This is simply not true.

As the manager of a large Boston-based bank, I was deluged by our depositors with expressions of concern and requests for action. In response to that pressure, I initiated making a petition available for customers to sign which could be sent to the relevant members of Congress. This was vetoed by senior bank officials. Inquiries to other banks and regional banking associations revealed a similar reluctance to participate in any activity that could be even remotely construed as political.

It was only after the banks were inundated with calls and letters that they agreed to participate even marginally by informing depositors of the details of the impending law and telling them how to contact their congressmen.

It is also no secret that many of the nation's largest commercial banks are actually in favor of withholding, both because it will impose greater relative costs on their smaller competitors and because they will need Dole and Company as allies to bail them out of their failing international loans.

More important, though, than the empirical arguments based on who supports or opposes the law or how much it would cost to implement it are the ethical objections it raises. It is certainly an invasion of privacy to force individuals to reveal their income bracket to their bankers. Also, even if it is true that the law represents not a new tax but a change in method of collection, such a change in emphasis is abhorrent to the American libertarian tradition. NATIONAL REVIEW has appropriately deplored the implications of such Newspeak as "tax expenditures." Withholding is wrong for the identical reason: it assumes that the government owns our resources and has first claim on them, condescending only to return any surplus after it has exacted its spoils.

The only equitable tax treatment we should be concerned with is not spitefully closing the loopholes of some (for example, buyers of U.S. Government securities), but rather opening those opportunities to retain more of one's own income to as many as possible.

A. J. Squillacioti
Boston, Mass.

I respectfully disagree with Washington editor John McLaughlin, who says that banks can deduct the entire cost of setting up an automatic withholding system for taxes on interest and dividend income. Actually, in most instances, only 50 per cent of the cost of implementing and maintaining these systems is deductible. And, since maintenance of these systems approximates two-thirds of the cost of implementation on an annual basis, the banks' actual costs, which will undoubtedly be passed on to consumers, will be much greater than McLaughlin envisions.

McLaughlin states that banks will be

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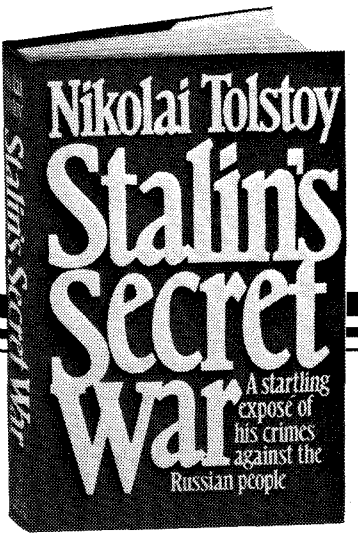

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Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

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able to "float" withheld revenues to gain interest revenues to defray costs. This is true. However, smaller banks, savings and loan institutions, and credit unions will gain significantly less revenue in proportion to overhead by doing so.

In 1980, 24 Republican senators cosponsored a resolution stating that "It is the sense of the Congress that the enactment of a withholding tax on interest and dividend payments would be detrimental to the economic well-being of the United States." Furthermore, the 1980 Republican Platform states: "We . . . oppose Carter proposals to impose a withholding on dividend and interest income. They would serve as a disincentive to save and invest and create needless paperwork burdens for government, business, industry, and the private sector . . ."

We conservatives who support the repeal of withholding on interest and dividend income are merely reiterating our positions expressed three years ago. Yet McLaughlin says, "Withholding is a bum issue for conservatives." I think keeping the government off the backs of honest citizens is a great issue for conservatives.

Senator Gordon J. Humphrey
Washington, D.C.

I wonder sometimes if John McLaughlin reads *all* of *NR*. Several of its articles and

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editorials on the 1982 Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act made the basic point that TEFRA and the withholding tax on interest were not about "closing loopholes" or getting tax cheats. The intent was to close the deficit by raising taxes. New taxes will never be used to close the deficit; consider the Democratic budget resolution recently passed by the House: social spending is raised by $181 billion over the Reagan budget while taxes are increased over $300 billion in five years (repealing the tax cut and indexing). The budget deficits remain in excess of $130 billion in each of the next five years.

Anthony Coppolino
Falls Church, Va.

I will leave it to better political philosophers than I to discuss the justification of 1) withholding per se; and 2) the taxation of the fruits of money that was already taxed when it was first earned. I would like instead to point out one factual error, and one dubious psychological point.

The error: It is not "10 per cent of taxes due on interest and dividends" that will be withheld—it is 10 per cent of *total* interest or dividends paid.

The psychological point: The banks already, as Mr. McLaughlin says, send the IRS a 1099. In one recent year (I'm sorry not to have the citation to hand) the IRS was able to match up some 85 per cent of 1099s and 1040s. I would say that that was enough to mobilize the conscience—or the fear—of most of us. And as for the hardened tax evader, if it is so easy to fill out an exemption form, what is to stop him taking that chance?

Gervase Thomson
Belmont, Mass.

History Lesson

In his review of *Paderewski* ["Poland Possessed," April 15] Selden Rodman made the astonishing assertion that, after World War I, Poland was "set upon by the conniving powers at the Paris Peace Conference, which *carved it up* anew to satisfy the claims of *Czechoslovakia*—and defeated Germany." (Emphasis added.) In fact, the actions of the Paris Peace Conference concerned territories that had been under dispute for generations; and more was given to Poland than was left in the hands of Germany or Czechoslovakia. For example, parts of Posen and West Prussia were taken from Germany to create the "Polish Corridor," which at that time Austen Chamberlain held wasn't worth the "bones of a British grenadier," yet which cost Britain her empire twenty years later, plunging Europe into what Churchill called "the unnecessary war."

Marshal Jozef Pilsudski's years of power and influence (1926-35) were those of Poland's aspirations to be the "fifth power" of Europe, aiming at a Jagellonian domination over Lithuania, Byelorussia, and the Ukraine, which caused great concern among the national minorities east of the Curzon Line (the 1919 border between Poland and Russia). My late mentor in revisionist history, John M. Lundoff, opined that had Pilsudski lived another five years, no German-Polish conflict over the Danzig Corridor would have been engineered and that, like Admiral Horthy's Hungary, Poland would have become a signatory of the Anti-Comintern Pact.

Pilsudski's successors, Colonel Josef Beck and associates, however, pursued a "Piast" policy that sought to advance Poland's claims against Germany. Whereas Pilsudski had concluded a non-aggression pact with Germany in 1934, Beck's Poland turned a deaf ear to Germany's repeated offers of a mutual defense pact aimed at the USSR from 1935 to 1939. Perhaps, had the 1919 territorial settlement "carved up" the Polish Corridor, as Rodman believes happened, the chances for peace would have been considerably improved in the 1930s and 1940s, and Poland would not have been a Soviet satrapy for decades—a dreadful price to pay for Danzig and the Corridor.

Donald F. Barry
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The diagnosis is easy.
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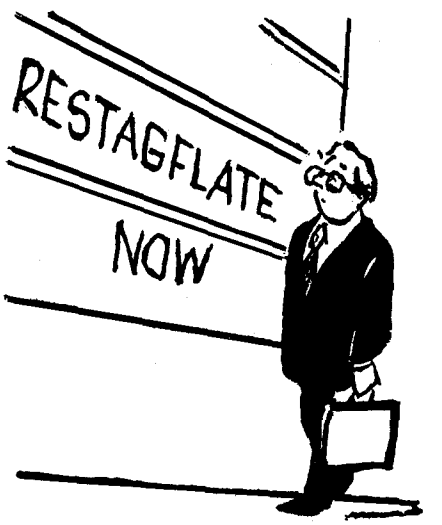
FOR THE RECORD

■ So what are the pros saying about **John Glenn**'s candidacy? Not surprisingly, **David Sawyer**, the political consultant Glenn has signed up, says his man is "the strongest Democratic candidate." Maybe so, asserts Sen. **Paul Laxalt**, Republican chairman, but can he get the nomination? John Glenn, he says, "could be the **Nelson Rockefeller** of the Democratic Party," the man who could win the big one but can't get past the convention. . . . **Stuart Spencer**, who will play a big part in the Reagan campaign if Reagan decides to go, rates the Democrats thus: **Mondale** should have it locked up. Glenn has lots of potential, but has he the political savvy? **Gary Hart** could do well in New Hampshire, and, says Spencer, "he knows the game." . . . Political pollster **Burns Roper** says celebrity status won't buy John Glenn much, but "it's enough to make him talked about as a contender rather than a senator from Ohio." . . . *Washington Post* headline day after Glenn announced was: "Glenn's Campaign Staff Is Off and Walking."

■ How about the Republicans? New York State GOP Chairman **George Clark** says he'll "bet the ranch" that Reagan will run. . . . Laxalt has had to tell Reagan enthusiasts to "cool it" with their campaign funds, and wait for the President to give the word. Laxalt says they can crank up a top-flight campaign organization in thirty days. . . . **Benjamin Hooks**, head of the NAACP, is not so gauche as to say he opposes the presidential ambitions of **Jesse Jackson**, but Hooks says the NAACP will not support any black candidate in 1984. That, he maintains, would split the Democratic vote and might allow a "Reagan-type" candidate to win. . . . **Charles Manatt**, the Democratic National Chairman, says that in his opinion neither a woman nor a black will



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

appear on the Democratic ticket in '84. That may come before the end of the century, but not in '84. . . . Incidentally, there will be fewer Democratic primaries in 1984 than in 1980: Arkansas, Kansas, Kentucky, Montana, Nevada, and Wisconsin will have caucuses instead.

■ Ups and downs: The big winner in the battle to delay the withholding of income taxes on interest and dividends is freshman Republican Sen. **Robert Kasten**, who bucked both the leadership and the minorityship in Senate on that one, not to say the White House. . . . **Tip O'Neill** is dodging flak all over the place for having suggested that U.S. return defecting Red Chinese tennis star **Hu Na** to Peking. It even outraged his Massachusetts colleague Rep. **Barney Frank**, who says the U.S. should not knuckle under to Chinese pressure on this one. . . . No one was surprised that Sen. **Charles Mathias** (Md.), or even Sen. **Larry Pressler** (S.D.), was among four Republicans to oppose **Kenneth Adelman**'s confirmation; the other two, **Mark Andrews** (N.D.) and **Slade Gorton** (Wash.), were surprising.

■ In France, austerity has brought with it a sinking in the approval ratings of both President **François Mitterrand** (down seven points in a month) and Prime Minister **Pierre Mauroy** (down eight). . . . **Armando Valladares**, the Cuban poet Mitterrand helped spring from a **Castro** jail some twenty years later, gives a frightening picture of Castro's Cuba: 140,000 political prisoners (out of a population of 10 million); a six-day week in most industries, plus "volunteer" work on Sunday, and rationing that entitles a Cuban to four and a half pounds of meat a year, plus one pair of shoes, two pairs of trousers, and two shirts. Valladares says Cubans have recently fought in Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Panama, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Haiti, Angola, and El Salvador. . . . Western diplomats in New Delhi estimate the Soviets have imprisoned at least a hundred thousand people in Afghanistan. According to Afghanistan's Soviet-puppet government, freedom fighters there have destroyed half the schools and hospitals in the country and three-quarters of the communications system. . . . **Andropov**'s celebrated crackdown on Soviet sluggards and malingerers doesn't seem to be working: both industrial productivity and expansion were down between January and March. . . . It's like dominoes in Poland, where Gen. **Jaruzelski**'s government has now suspended the independent artists' union for refusing to retract "offensive" statements.

■ Presidential Deputy Chief-of-Staff **Michael Deaver** has the diet to end all diets (providing you're a White House insider). He's lost forty pounds, he says, by eating only on days when senior staff members speak to each other.

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THE WEEK

■ PLEASE ADVISE SENATOR DODD:
Three Russian jets and one U.S.
Took off from Libya to finesse
A flight to Nicaragua, but
Above Brazil a motor cut.
At first a pilot said the runs
Flew Band-Aids for Managua's nuns,
But subsequent inspection showed
The mercy mission could explode. —WHvD

■ It was the size of the vote to repeal that was startling, as the Senate voted 91 to 5 against withholding taxes on savings and investments. The lopsided vote represented defiance of President Reagan, the Republican and Democratic senatorial leadership, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and even Mario Cuomo, who came out, unasked, in favor of withholding. Why the landslide? Several reasons. We have heard a great deal about the well-organized campaign mounted by the banking industry, and the legislators were indeed inundated by one of the largest outpourings of mail within memory, heavily on the side of repealing the withholding measure. But the disposition to resist had to be there in order to be thus crystallized. Investment is widely diffused among the American people, as the scale of the protest indicated, and many no doubt resented having their money transferred from the private to the federal sector one minute earlier than they were accustomed to. April, of course, is income-tax season, and the depth of sentiment on this issue may have reflected a more generalized resentment of the federal bite. And, on principle, the longer money remains in the private sector, and the more of it that remains there, the better.

■ What a laugh riot, Reagan's notion of a defense against ICBMs. Star Wars! Space billiards! But just before the laughter died away, there came a report from Los Alamos and Livermore that scientists are working on the possibility that a nuclear explosion above the atmosphere could entirely disable enemy electronic communications and perhaps even guidance systems. There remains the principle that any uncertainty injected into a first nuclear strike renders such a strike potentially lethal to its launcher. A decade hence, Reagan's proposals could well turn out to have been technologically modest.

■ The next time you hear a member of Congress talking about the "bloated defense budget," consider some of the ways Congress itself bloats it. First there are all the expensive "buy-American" provisions, like the one that makes the U.S. Army ship American coal to our troops in Germany instead of using perfectly good German coal (cost: $6 million). Then there is all the money the Defense Department is forced to spend in congressmen's districts, even when the congressman in question is a bitter Pentagon critic: Father Drinan managed to keep a military base in his district open when he was in Congress, and Representative Joseph Addabbo got $357 million spent last year for made-in-New-York planes the Air Force didn't want to buy. Also, don't forget the egregious Davis-Bacon Act, which still holds wages high despite decades of reform efforts, along with provisions against "contracting out" that protect unions even further. And minority- and small-business set-asides. And procurement targeting in high-unemployment areas, a little item that passed just three years ago with virtually solid support from Northeastern defense critics. The *Wall Street Journal* and *U.S. News & World Report* have done exposés of all this that make you wonder how any money gets left over for the actual defense of the country. Secretary of Defense Weinberger has vowed to confront Congress with some of these figures at budget time, which should prove to be the most satisfying assault on entrenched hypocrisy since the talk some time ago about whited sepulchers.

■ Wasn't it perfectly awful how for years the United States lavished money on the corrupt and repressive Somoza regime in Nicaragua? Well, we certainly felt a lot better when we learned, from columnist William Safire, that in two years the Carter Administration managed to give the Sandinistas *twice* as much, in foreign aid and multilateral loans, as previous Administrations had given Somoza in twenty years. Somehow the payoff didn't work.

■ Two national elections in Europe reveal contrasting trends. Austria's Chancellor Bruno Kreisky resigned after a 13-year tenure when voters denied his Socialist Party a clear majority in parliament. The Social-

Lord, Show Us a Sign

They pump the Humphrey Dome with air,
  But, when they walk away,
The fabric belches till it looks
  Like yesterday's soufflé.
If I were searching for a sign
  Before I placed my chits,
I'd think of Hubert and his Dome
  And what he meant to Fritz.

W. H. VON DREELE

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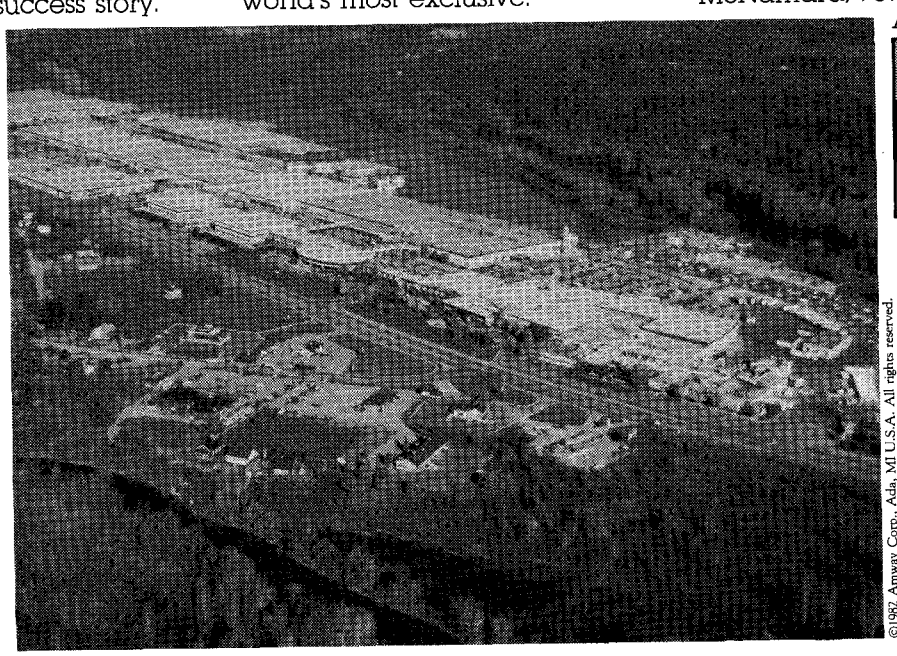

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The cold war within the White House is heating up once again. The opposing factions remain the same —the pragmatists versus the principled, the compromisers versus the confrontationists—but a new commanding general now leads the "Let Reagan be Reagan" contingent. National Security Advisor William Clark, the invincibly trusted Reagan aide, has succeeded the other invincibly trusted Reagan aide, Ed Meese, in that role. Ranged against Clark are the formidable and sleek James A. Baker III, Chief-of-Staff, and his subalterns Richard Darman and Kenneth Duberstein, protégés, respectively, of Elliot Richardson and Jacob Javits. Baker has the press as his ally, Clark the President.

Baker declared war on Clark because he thinks Judge Clark is simplistically hard-line, and because Clark excludes Baker from the formation of national-security policy. Baker retaliates by manipulating operations in which two or more sections of the White House staff are meant to work together, as happened recently when Baker, Duberstein, and Darman declined to lobby the Senate Budget Committee on Mr. Reagan's request for a 10 per cent increase in military spending, taking a walk on their legislative liaison responsibilities and becoming, in Clark's mind, the principal causes of the humiliating 5 per cent increase that Republican Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici and his Republican-dominated committee handed the President.

Baker's most powerful weapon against Clark, however, is the press, at the care and feeding of which Baker & Co. are past masters. Also, as we gear up for the 1984 presidential race, liberals (including the liberal press) are growing increasingly restive at the prospect of a Reagan-instigated economic resurgence, stripping them of their big election issue and leaving them casting about for a substitute, ersatz or otherwise. Foreign policy will do nicely, thank you.

In their carving up of Clark this time around, Baker and his lieutenants have unsheathed the long knives. Clark engineered the aborted U.S. policy on the Siberian pipeline, they tell the press. Clark propelled the Kenneth Adelman nomination that cost Reagan so much political capital, as if political capital were like a tank of gas, which you only have so much of, rather than like what it truly is, a breeder reactor, where the more you consume, the more you create —providing, of course, you win, as indeed happened in the Adelman case. Clark designed Reagan's confrontation tactic on the nuclear freeze and his anti-Communism in Central America, the Bakerites say. Clark is unbending on the military budget. Clark draws from Reagan his rawest, most unnuanced conservatism.

It matters not that Mr. Reagan himself was and is the prime mover of these actions and policies, not Clark, nor Shultz, nor Weinberger, nor anyone else. Such conservative behavior, moreover, is the natural outgrowth of Mr. Reagan's mandate and his political appeal. Rather than Clark eliciting Reagan's conservatism, it works this way: Reagan is conservative, and Clark reflects his thinking, so Reagan appoints Clark as NSC Advisor. It's that simple. Clark, by the way, sedulously presents to the President both the pros and cons of issues, and brings in lots of outside experts to see him, but does not try to persuade or dissuade him from a course Clark knows the President will take. Baker's philosophy of public administration under Reagan is, "Save Reagan from himself"; Clark's is, "Turn Reagan loose."

Are Baker and Clark heading toward a showdown? This depends on Baker, namely on whether he continues sabotaging Clark with the press, or (less likely) demands that the President arbitrate the dispute. If it came to that, Baker would be the loser. His friends are already telling him to back off.

Will Clark precipitate a showdown? Not unless Baker continues trying to subvert him. Then, insiders say, Clark and Meese will go to the President, and tell him that Baker is out to get Clark. That would be curtains for Baker. One serious miscalculation that Darman has made, by the way, is misjudging Clark, believing him to be another non-retaliatory Meese, whereas Clark, while not given to tactical moves (like developing a graceful exit for Baker) is fully able—once he decides to take Baker on—to finish him off in a Texas-style showdown.

The President knows what is going on, and is of a mind, correctly, to temporize, letting the competitive model of decisionmaking, such a favorite of FDR's, do its work. He plans to put a tight press gag on Baker and Darman, and urge an armistice. Baker could reduce the pressure, he knows, by dumping Darman, the Richelieu of this palace intrigue.

The situation is not yet intolerable. If the President plays his cards right, he will be able to hold onto both aides, his most prudent course. Clark and Baker, it should be remembered, reflect two existing and necessary strains in Ronald Reagan—both the man and, more so, the President—principled conservative and realpolitician. —CATO

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ists did retain a plurality; however, they must henceforth share authority with a splinter Freedom Party espousing free enterprise. In Portugal, meanwhile, the right-wing coalition that has governed since 1978 will be replaced by a left-wing coalition led by Mario Soares's Socialist Party, with the runner-up Social Democrats as the junior partner. This leftward shift conforms to a pattern prevailing across southern Europe. Portugal's political instability—the country has had 15 governments since the 1974 revolution—can scarcely be said to have been resolved.

■ Soviet forces in Afghanistan have just completed one of the most brutal offensives of the war. Afghan resistance leaders report that, starting in mid-April, Soviet bombers began attacking villages in the province of Herat in western Afghanistan. By the time the offensive had ended some ten days later, the Soviets had bombed 35 villages, destroying more than four hundred homes and killing an estimated 1,500 Afghan civilians. Now back to El Salvador.

■ Of the 125,000 refugees who came to the United States from Cuba in 1980, three thousand are Castro agents—so Mario Estebes González told a federal and state panel investigating the extensive criminal records of thousands of Cubans who arrived on the Freedom Flotilla. According to Estebes, the agents are as-

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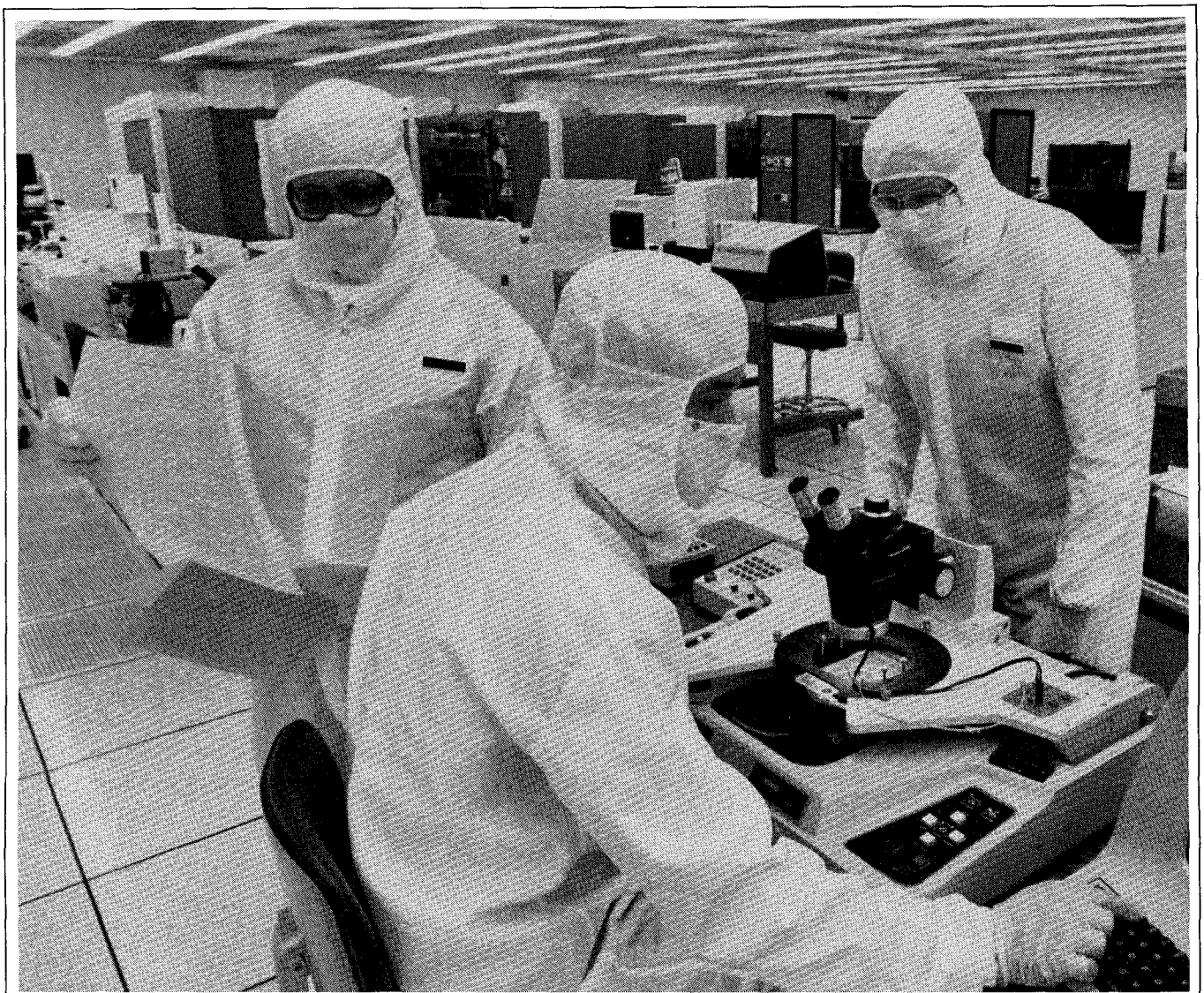

The air in this room must be 1,000 times cleaner than that in an operating room.

What kind of work demands such an immaculate environment?

The development of specialized, highly sophisticated microchips—done here at the Advanced Technology Center in Shelton, Connecticut, by engineers from ITT.

A microchip is, in essence, a tiny electronic brain, etched into a piece of silicon half the size of a fingernail.

The circuits on this kind of chip are so fine (a fraction as thick as a human hair) that a single speck of dust can damage a chip beyond repair.

At Shelton, the microchips made with such care and precision are prototype models, being tested for future use in ITT telecommunications systems and other applications.

Eventually, this research will produce new, more advanced ways for people to communicate with each other.

Helping people communicate has always been one of the main ways we've helped people.

And that was long before we started coming up with some of our best ideas in Shelton.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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signed everything from drug trafficking to disrupting Cuban exile groups to economic espionage. Estebes, who specialized in the distribution of cocaine, marijuana, and methaqualone to American markets, delivered between $2 and $3 million *in cash* to the Interior Ministry in Cuba. What's in it for Castro? The *New York Times* cites a set of official conjectures: Cuba wanted "to obtain hard foreign currency for use in international trade [cold], to retaliate against American trade restrictions on Cuba [warm], to cause social unrest in the United States [hot], or to help finance leftist movements in Latin America [sizzling]."

■ The latest campus fad: achievement. The *New York Times* reports that colleges and universities are, more and more, awarding scholarships to students who produce rather than to those who claim deprivation. But, of course, "The change has provoked criticism from those who say money is being diverted from needy students," etc. The trend toward need-criteria began in 1954, but there was always one major exception: "Athletic scholarships continued to be awarded without regard to need." Come to think of it, we sort of had that impression. Maybe it shows that the best force for getting people out of slums is the pressure to excel.

■ Our colleague and friend George Nash, author of *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*, has just published the long-awaited first volume of his biography of Herbert Hoover. We celebrate the advent of this magisterial work of scholarship on one of our least-known Presidents, and on an important era in American history. Mr. Nash now takes his place among the major American historians. NATIONAL REVIEW's assessment of the book will appear in due course.

■ Why don't we just pass a The-Press-Can-Defame-Anyone-It-Wants-To Amendment, and get it over with? Consider the case of William Westmoreland. The *Sullivan* decision held, in effect, that no statement about a public figure, however grotesque or outrageous, could be deemed libelous, unless the victim was able to prove "actual malice." General Westmoreland, who led our troops in the most disastrous war in American history, is in everyone's book a public figure. When CBS News, therefore, charged in *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception* that he had doctored estimates of enemy troop strength, Westmoreland had to set about accumulating proof of ill-will. CBS, meanwhile, which was getting flak from *TV Guide*, commissioned an internal investigation of the Westmoreland show, on the basis of which it admitted minor journalistic mistakes, but stood by the program as a whole. When Westmoreland asked to examine the report, however, CBS wrapped itself in—the First Amendment. So: the First Amendment protects the press from libel suits unless it has acted in conscious disregard of the known facts; but the First Amendment also protects it from investigations into what facts it knew. A Federal District judge, bless him, rejected the argument; not, to be sure, on the merits, but because of CBS's contradictory behavior: "CBS cannot at once hold out the report and, when challenged, decline to reveal" it. CBS is appealing.

■ "Who can forget George Will's moving account of the little boy who underwent brain surgery six times during the nine weeks before he was born? Who is the *patient* if not that tiny unborn human being who can feel pain when he or she is approached by doctors who come to kill rather than to cure?" So writes President Ronald Reagan in the Spring issue of *The Human Life Review* (Human Life Foundation, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016)—marking the first time in decades that a sitting President has used the medium of a periodical to state his views on an issue before the house. The President condemns not only abortion but infanticide, which has lately found its defenders in the media as well as in the judiciary. He speaks bitingly of last year's Baby Doe decision in Indiana, where a federal judge found mental retardation to be "the equivalent of a crime deserving the death penalty." The President has been courageous and unambiguous on these issues. His essay deserves —and will receive—wide attention.

■ Twenty years ago, Dr. Timothy Leary was fired by Harvard for his LSD evangelism. Last week, he returned to lecture to an overflow crowd there. "Since the day we were canned, I have never felt any rancor against Harvard," Leary said. "Harvard is the main line of American transcendental thinking." We have always wondered exactly what the trouble was there.

■ The town of Bloomingdale, Ill. is trying to fine a man $500 a day for flying a large American flag, which allegedly violates the town's sign ordinances.

■ So, the Democrats will hold their convention in San Francisco. We absolutely refuse to make any ribald comments.

■ Why is it that the same people who sneer at patriotism so persistently get so indignant when you question theirs?

Counter-Revolution Time

The current debate in Washington, if you haven't been paying attention, is over whether or not to reverse the Reagan Administration's two biggest accomplishments in economic policy: cutting taxes and end-

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ing inflation. On the tax side, the forces of reversal would like to convince President Reagan to support another big tax increase like the one last summer. On the inflation side, they would like to convince him not to reappoint Paul Volcker, whose term as head of the Federal Reserve will soon expire. Conservatives have decent prospects of rescuing the Reagan program from the tax-raisers; they should now begin defending it against the inflation-resumers as well.

The political lines on the Volcker issue will be even less clearly drawn than usual. Some liberals support him and many good conservatives oppose him. These conservatives' most plausible argument derives from Milton Friedman: that Volcker could use more sophisticated tools in pursuit of his goal of price stability. But it is too late for these arguments now. Even granted that we have not had a soft landing—although the promises of soft landings by earlier pilots led in practice to no landings at all—the craft is on the ground. The only question now is whether to send it aloft again by reflating.

And that is indeed what is at stake. The political core of anti-Volckerism consists not of monetarists but of reflationists: Democrats (and some supply-siders, strangely) who want reflation as a good in itself, and Republicans who merely want to reflate when and as necessary to win future elections, as Nixon did so conspicuously in 1972. This latter GOP group is the one that would effectively screen the candidates to succeed Volcker. It wants its Fed chairmen to be open to political realities, eager to change and grow, to be team players instead of unyielding hard-liners, and so forth. Volcker is made of sterner stuff. That is why the inflation rate is now 3 per cent instead of 14 per cent.

Varieties of Religious Belief: Arms Control

What does it mean to believe in something? This ancient question illuminates the Senate's drawn-out procedures, concluded in a close but affirmative vote, confirming Kenneth Adelman as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Does Adelman "believe" in arms control? Senators so asked, and Adelman gave assurances, with a repetitiveness suggestive of ritual.

But what does "belief" in this context actually mean? Virtually everyone must reasonably own to "believing in" arms control in the sense that it is important as a political issue and intrinsically desirable. Indeed, both sides in the ongoing Geneva negotiations over nuclear arms have been treating the matter very seriously. The negotiations *are* serious. But the two sides have different objectives. The U.S. goal in the theater-deployment talks is for equality at an agreed-upon minimum, preferably zero, to maintain Western Europe's defensibility. The Soviet purpose is to hold on to a theater preponderance in order to use it for political intimidation, i.e., to detach Western Europe from the Atlantic Alliance. In the START talks, the U.S. seeks—while the Soviet Union adamantly opposes—limits and counting rules that would make strategic stability real rather than illusory. In a sense perhaps unknown to the ritualistic insisters on "serious" negotiations—Adelman's opponents—*these* would be serious negotiations. An important minority in the Senate and in the public at large, however, appears to desire an arms-control agreement at almost any price. That, too, would be "serious."

An ingredient of seriousness is the Confucian precept to call things by their right names. The closet door seems to be bulging under pressure from the skeletons inside, regarding Soviet compliance with already existing agreements. We urge full official disclosure. If the only other high-stakes player at the only game in town is an inveterate cheater, it might be necessary to play at the same table with him anyway—but not under any illusions as to what he is really up to. It is better that we all be told, authoritatively, what to expect.

Black Electoral Power

Conservatives have been warned to beware of rising black voting consciousness, as expressed in increased black voter registration and the election of black candidates at the local and state levels (most recently the election of Harold Washington as mayor of Chicago), given that an overwhelming proportion of both black voters and black candidates nationwide are Democrats.

One thing to notice, however, is that the official black agenda, as proclaimed by the congressional Black Caucus and by prominent black spokesmen, does not have broad national appeal. Both busing and reverse discrimination are losing issues with the national electorate. High public spending in the welfare sector is not a winning campaign issue, nor is the kind of public-sector spending that is a special interest of much of the black middle class.

Voters have demonstrated that they will support good candidates who are black. Tom Bradley, a former police chief, has proved eminently electable as mayor of Los Angeles, and came close to being elected to the California governorship. Andrew Young, energetic in the pursuit of business for Atlanta, is proving to be popular there. Philadelphia will very likely elect a black mayor. But, unlike Harold Washington in Chicago, most successful black candidates do not run solely on their skin color.

Politics is not merely a matter of adding up the

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numbers on the voter-registration rolls. Politics is more like a magnetic field, or a complex mathematical equation. When you change one factor, everything else changes too.

In the presidential election of 1948, Truman was thought to be severely handicapped by breakaway movements in the South and on his left. As it turned out, these movements made Truman appear to many voters to be the "moderate" continuator of the New Deal. Without his factional enemies, Truman might well have lost to Dewey. In a similar way, rising black political assertiveness—to the extent that it defines itself as specifically black and lacks a wider reference—will predictably result in a consolidation of the majority against it. We saw this happen in Chicago, to the spectacular benefit of Bernard Epton, a candidate who had little appeal otherwise.

In New York, Mayor Ed Koch is unpopular with the black and Hispanic minorities of his city. At the same time, he is the most popular mayor of New York since Fiorello LaGuardia almost half a century ago. He expects to be challenged by a black or Hispanic candidate in the 1985 Democratic primary. Almost certainly Koch will win. The minority mobilization, if it occurs, will result in a majority mobilization for Koch.

To the extent that black welfarist and reverse-discrimination positions can be imposed on the national Democratic Party, they will surely damage that party electorally. Thus, as black political power gains within the party, it actually weakens black power on a national basis.

The Republicans cannot compete for black votes on the ground of the official black agenda. They can compete, in the long run, on the ground of better education, a sound economy, safety in the streets, and the strengthening of the family. These are the real black interests and, unlike the official black agenda, they are not racist.

The Not-Quite-Right Stuff

The candidacy of John Glenn has obvious appeal for the pro-American splinter of the Democratic Party. Glenn's Midwest, military, and business backgrounds distinguish him considerably from the other Democratic presidential hopefuls.

A good man with a good image. He would have the advantage, up against Reagan, of not making the election seem like a referendum on socialism. Nevertheless, that is pretty much what a Reagan-Glenn race would be. The Democratic Party has by now adopted so many ad hoc statist "solutions" to ideologically perceived "problems" that it is very nearly the American Socialist Party Michael Harrington wants it officially to become.

Moreover, Glenn himself has voted for the great majority of spending programs and spending increases to come before the Senate since his arrival in 1974. His ADA rating for 1980—the year of Reagan—was a sturdy 67 per cent, and his consistent pro-abortion voting record will lose him some of his Middle American support. Like Jimmy Carter, he may hope to stand out as the single attenuated conservative candidate in a field of basket cases. But also like Jimmy Carter, he will have to abide by his party's commitments and seek to please its infrastructure of pressure groups who define their claims on their fellow citizens' earnings as "rights."

He may get the nomination. He may even emerge from the Democrats' 1984 convention in San Francisco without an embarrassing burden of pledges to appoint lesbians to Cabinet-level posts. But it is hard to see him standing for anything practically different from a return to his party's business-as-usual habit of buying votes, and wasting the economy, in the name of compassion, civil rights, and pragmatism.

Suicide in Central America?

Anyone could list the many ways in which the situation in Central America differs from that of Vietnam twenty years ago. The geography, the military equation, the ethnography—and this only begins the list—are all very different. And yet a sense of *déjà vu* is difficult to avoid, almost as if Vietnam were somehow being superimposed on the map of this very different region.

In certain pathological emotional conditions, an individual obsessively returns to the circumstances that are most feared, the acrophobe drawn again and again toward that window ledge. In a similar way, we seem to be moving inexorably toward "Viet-

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Excuse me—is this the road to economic recovery?"

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Electoral Poison

When they wring their hands in anguish
  Over Secretary Watt
And they lobby Mr. Reagan
  To remove him on the spot,
I'm embarrassed as they wrestle
  With the party for its soul,
Since the hickey needing squeezing
  Isn't Watt but Robert Dole.

W. H. VON DREELE

nam." The reporting is sensationalized. Joan Didion has done her own version of Frances FitzGerald's number. The Buddhist monks have come back as Maryknollers. The likelihood grows that a country will be lost and a people enslaved because Congress, as in 1974, cut off aid at the crucial moment. Already numerous demagogic players are trying out for the part of the unlamented Frank Church.

The solution the liberals favor for El Salvador is "negotiations" between the elected government and the guerrilla leadership, a position the American Catholic bishops have also espoused. The idea is an illusion, as, of course, it was in Vietnam. The guerrilla leaders have made it clear that they are seeking total power. They have not mounted a murderous insurrection and brought the country to its knees economically in order to take charge of a couple of minor ministries.

Liberal opinion increasingly treats the recent election in El Salvador as a non-event. Yet in that election, judged by foreign observers to have been fair, an overwhelming majority of Salvadorans casting secret ballots installed the present government in power.

Where negotiations are concerned, it is worth noting that liberal opinion urges them with Communist insurgents—but not with the armed opponents of Communist regimes. If a liberal in Congress or the media or the Conference of Catholic Bishops has called for "negotiations" between the Sandinista regime in Managua and the "contras" along the border, this has escaped our attention. No "negotiations" are being urged to settle the insurgencies in Angola and Mozambique, or between the increasingly totalist Mugabe government and its opponents. Liberal opinion endows with implicit legitimacy only Marxist insurgencies.

Under Marxist auspices, Nicaragua has become an armed camp. Its military forces are far more numerous than would be required for any defensive purpose, and it is constructing air bases that will no doubt accommodate Soviet jets. This is a new and ominous strategic fact in an area vital to U.S. security.

The evolving Reagan Administration policy in the region has obvious flaws. In view of the seriousness of the strategic situation, the U.S. military and political effort has so far been disproportionately small, and perilously so. The Falklands war derailed a promising cooperative effort between Argentina and the U.S. in Central America. Perhaps this could be revived, or a new effort started, preferably with a Latin American consortium. Meanwhile, in a free society, covert operations are usually awkward, and if we are supporting anti-Communist insurgents on the Honduras-Nicaragua border, we might as well do so openly and explain why. As in the case of Vietnam, the public remains largely ignorant of the stakes in Central and South America. For the moment, the Reagan policy of minimal and reluctant involvement may well be all that is politically feasible; but that could be changed, through an intensive campaign of public education.

This should involve a strong dose of political realism about the possibilities of democracy in the region. These may not be altogether bleak, and the Salvadoran election did give reason for hope. But both Central and South America have a history of political violence and instability—important causes of regional poverty. Representative government, indeed, has taken root historically only in the Protestant nations of northern Europe, along with, more recently, Japan, and Israel. Utopian expectations regarding relatively friendly governments in Central America are likely to be disillusioning, and can be suicidal.

As we go to press, the President is scheduled to address a joint session of Congress on the high stakes in Central America. Such an address, under such auspices, is normally reserved for matters of the highest gravity. If Mr. Reagan can counteract the widespread public indifference and the considerable congressional hostility to the defense of the U.S. interest in this strategic area, it could be his finest hour.

Opportunities—Arafat's, Begin's, Ours

When the dust of churning Israeli tanks finally settled over Beirut, a great opportunity seemed to beckon in the Middle East. The PLO evacuated the nation it had been leeching, defanged and virtually destroyed; no Arab state, much less the Soviet Union, lifted a finger to intervene; the rhetoric of radical Arabs stood revealed as empty and suicidal. The Arab world was confronted, in the most dramatic manner, with the necessity of trying something new. The Reagan peace plan sought to take advantage of this impasse. Jordan (speaking both for itself and for the Palestinian people) and Israel were to negotiate; a Palestinian West Bank, sufficiently pacified to reas-

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sure Israel and placed under some form of Jordanian control, was to be the goal. King Hussein would not move without the acquiescence of the PLO. Yasir Arafat, with nothing else to do, was mulling.

Until last month, when the PLO abruptly washed its hands, whereupon Jordan followed suit. Both parties now give their own accounts of how far they had gone and what went wrong. It is clear that there was a radical turn (or return) within the PLO, symbolized by the rub-out of one of the group's own diplomats, who had been supporting the recognition of Israel.

Arab radicals, then, caused the latest breakdown. They have been powerfully abetted, however, by the concrete intransigence of the Begin government. It thumbed its nose at the Reagan plan from day one. It briskly develops West Bank settlements, while politicians in Begin's party encourage American Jews to buy into them. No one outside Israel, and not everyone in it, believes Begin will yield an inch. Why should anyone involve himself in long, wearing, and (remembering Sadat) possibly fatal negotiations with him?

Surely it is in America's interest, as we can hear anytime we get *The New Republic*'s answering service, to have a strong, Western, democratic, etc., etc. ally like Israel in the Middle East. That's not the question. Israel's existence is not at risk, nor is its security. We have at the same time other interests, chief among them the minimizing of Soviet influence over an important chunk of real estate. That influence waxes and wanes with the fortunes of Arab revanchism. We can't let Old Testament revanchism give it opportunities.

His Not-Last Bow

They were lost in the crash of a makeshift Junkers airplane, found in the hayloft of a retired Wehrmacht officer, and will come trickling out, for more than a year, in *Stern* and all the publications that have bid for reprint rights—the jottings of the Prince of Darkness himself, the Screwtape Diaries.

Or so the publishers would have us believe. There are, on the factual level, holes in the pedigree of Hitler's alleged diaries big enough to drive a panzer through. Hitler had an aversion to writing, preferring to dictate. Survivors of his entourage denied that he ever kept a diary. The entries go beyond the July 20, 1944 assassination attempt in which his right arm was injured, probably to the point of unusability. Hugh Trevor-Roper, the only major historian to vouch for the authenticity of the documents, has had second thoughts. There may even be an element of psychological warfare, relevant to the Third World War rather than the Second—East Germany, where the plane containing the documents supposedly went down, specializes in forged Hitleriana, and the diaries, interestingly enough, portray Neville Chamberlain as a "cunning fox" whose capitulations crimped Hitler's plans. What better way to encourage today's appeasers than by boosting the reputations of yesterday's?

More important than the diaries themselves is the reaction to them. Hitler remains the century's bogeyman, its moral and emotional ground zero. *Newsweek* pulled out the *vox humana* and threnodized: "All of us will have to ask once more whether Hitler's evil was unique, or whether it lurks somewhere in everyone." All right, we have asked; and once more, the answers come out: no, and yes. Hitler was not unique; evil lurks in everyone; and in some people, and under some political systems, it has blossomed to Hitlerian proportions, both before and after the Third Reich. We can see it in the starvation of the kulaks; in Stalin's purges of Party cadres and whole ethnic groups; in Vietnamese swarming out to sea in sinking boats and Laotians blistering with poison gas; in the handiwork of Idi Amin and Pol Pot. We can see it on every side in this wicked century, not only in the dead, defeated fanatic for whom we reserve, with disturbing exclusivity, our shudders. To the extent the diaries, real or forged, keep us focused on their alleged author, they tend to pre-empt concern over Hitler's heirs.

Glitch or Portent?

Like clouds no bigger than a hand
That float unseen across the land,
Atari's management moves on
To cheaper labor in Taiwan.

W. H. VON DREELE

More Campus Furor

Now in its fourth year, making it the venerable forerunner of the burgeoning campus conservative press, the *Dartmouth Review* continues to sail through the troubled waters of contemporary academic culture.

Last spring, a *Review* staffer was punched, kicked, and finally bitten by a college official, who was subsequently convicted of assault and fined; whereupon the college faculty voted to censure . . . the *Review*. This winter, a *Review* reporter published an investigative piece on the Music II course given by Professor William Cole, who is black. After attending lectures and interviewing students, she described his approach to teaching and grading as casual and his frequent obiter dicta as eccentric—for example, when he praised the man who threatened to blow up the Washington Monument. Her article concluded: "Cole should be careful about making gratuitous racial al-

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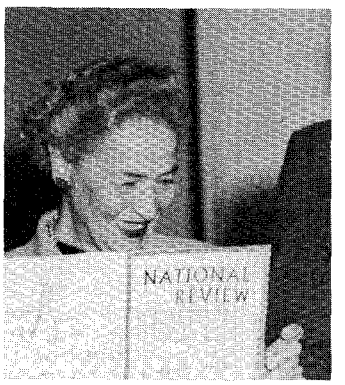
lusions in class. He should also cultivate a more serious attitude toward reading and scholarship. That would make Music II more than amusing—it would make it a course."

The professor reacted by rushing to the reporter's dormitory room, pounding on her door for twenty minutes, shouting obscenities, and threatening violence. He then canceled his classes for an extended period and announced that he was seeking a job elsewhere. One of his colleagues stated that the reporter ought to have both her kneecaps broken. The familiar street obscenities of the 1960s seemed to be organic to Cole's style of discourse.

More recently the professor announced that he is suing the reporter and two *Review* staffers for $2.4 million on the grounds that they had damaged his reputation. Simultaneously, a faculty committee sprang into being to raise money for Cole. Well, *mutatis mutandis*, as they say, and neither Mary McCarthy nor Randall Jarrell would be in the least surprised.

Suzanne La Follette, R I P

A founding editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, Suzanne La Follette stayed with us as managing editor until her retirement, in 1959. She left New York a few years later and spent the rest of her days in California, where she died last week. At age 89, is an educated guess. Suzanne La Follette was a feminist, who in her biography in *Who's Who* stopped short of vulgar self-revelations having to do with the date of her birth. But she graduated from college in 1915.



She was a very beautiful woman, with a hilarious sense of humor, a grammatical stickler who was frequently at loggerheads with co-founding-editor Willmoore Kendall, whose rule of thumb was that a verbal construction was grammatical if he used it ("Last week at Arden House, which by the way why doesn't someone burn it down . . ."), and she was wonderful company, with a trunkful of anecdotes about her glittering editorial apprenticeship and career: an editor of *The Freeman*, under Albert Jay Nock; secretary and editor of publications for the commission of inquiry into charges made against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow trials (the Dewey Commission); managing editor of the *American Mercury*; managing editor of *The Freeman* (1950-1953); author of four books.

Suzanne La Follette was a generous and warmhearted woman (she made a gift to the editor of the holographic copy of Albert Jay Nock's *Jefferson*). Unhappily, for a number of years before her death, she was not able to send, or to receive, messages. She never married, but died in the company of devoted relatives. All her many friends mourn her. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: All Concerned
Re: Jimmy O'Bryan

Jimmy O'Bryan is, as of this issue, retiring as the art director of NATIONAL REVIEW. That is, in any event, what the formal announcement advises. We like to think it is entirely unlikely that NATIONAL REVIEW and JO'B will be separated in any substantial way. The reason being that JO'B will in due course wander in and set things straight.

He has been doing this for us since 1956. At that time Jim, a dapper young man who had served in the Navy on a destroyer escort and had spent two years with the National Academy of Sciences, was working for the *New York Daily Mirror*, the tabloid owned by the Hearst Corporation, which was the competitor of the *Daily News*. O'Bryan had read NATIONAL REVIEW, had correctly resolved that it needed the services of an art director, and presented himself as willing, free of charge, to handle the job for us. In 1960, he joined the staff full-time. To the extent that NATIONAL REVIEW is viewable, as distinguished from readable, the reason is: Jimmy O'Bryan.

Jim has not only illuminated the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW, but has enlivened the corporation. He is easily the most cheerful man who ever lived, the most obliging, the most resourceful. The standing joke on the Tuesday, every fortnight, when Priscilla, Jim McFadden, Jim O'Bryan, and WFB meet to decide on a cover for the next issue is the moment that Jimmy seizes the yellow sheet of paper on which WFB, a graphics illiterate, has sketched out the idea for that issue. What comes then is alchemy. O'Bryan always tucks the yellow sheet of paper in his pocket, and promises that his artwork will exactly reproduce the work of the master artist. Rubens did not have a more faithful exegete.

The office is saddened at the mere thought of JO'B's absence. Our debt to him is historical, personal, and corporate. We know that those who have enjoyed his work join us in wishing him the very best, always with the understanding that he will be no farther away than a telephone call, to help us, as required, touch up the Sistine Chapel.

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I hope devoutly that the attack by Bill Woods of Oak Ridge, Tenn. (*NR*, Feb. 18) on one of the most annoying of a multitude of current-day catachreses will do some good; in particular, that it will arouse certain people to abandon an attitude of tolerance, approaching amused indulgence, about the steadily increasing incidence of these abominations. Especially a certain otherwise wholly admirable editor, noted for precision in his personal use of words.

Besides the ambiguity of statements about distances ("The ship is three times longer than a football field") that makes it impossible for the reader or listener to know exactly what is meant, there is the type that wrongly names physical objects. E.g., "The speaker retreated behind the podium." I *think* that writer meant "returned to the lectern," but I cannot be sure; he may have been facing an egg-throwing audience.

When writers have a choice between "infer" and "imply" most will choose "infer." "Comprise" and "compose" are both respectable words, but they have opposite meanings. "Bring" and "take" have lost their distinction except in the mouths of the most careful speakers.

Is it not possible that tolerance of evil by those who do know better may be construed by the ignorant as tacit approval?

Faithfully yours,
Robert Van Cleave
Saunderstown, R.I.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re your fund-raising letter of March 29: I'd hate to think the leaders of *NR* might all perish in a single airplane. Why not hire an agricultural editor and leave him behind?

Sincerely,
William J. Latham
Belleview, Mo.

Dear Mr. Latham: A fine idea, in the tradition of conservation. Do you have a candidate? We sow a lot of seeds around here, but they're generally academic, political, economic, or wild. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Don Coxe

Your Canadian correspondent came upon the three-year-old letter from Father Canavan correcting a Latin misspelling. This gave rise to the following exchange, which may amuse you.

Dear Father Canavan:

How nice that when we correspond with each other it is done without the long gaps in time that marked our first indirect contact. It is also a matter of remark that our correspondence has illustrated what are quite possibly NATIONAL REVIEW's only two weaknesses: problems with filing and problems with Latin.

I appreciate the warmth of your letter, particularly so since I read it on what has turned out to be the most wintry day of the season.

Sincerely,
Donald G. M. Coxe
Toronto

Dear Mr. Coxe:

Thank you for your letter concerning my letter of three years ago to William F. Buckley. For one thing, it explains why Mr. Buckley did not publish my letter, after saying that he would: he mislaid it. I find it comforting that other people do that, too, and I am not alone in my absentmindedness.

At a remove of three years, I can't remember what the argument was about. But there is still some hope for civilization while there are those of us left who care about the correct use of the subjunctive after *si*. And it is still true that the people at NATIONAL REVIEW ought to learn Latin before they use it. Some months ago they put in print *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritui Sancto*. Students used to get six of the best for less than that, and Bill Buckley, of all people, ought to know it.

Sincerely yours,
Francis Canavan, SJ

Dear Father Canavan: The extra "i" in Spiritui is *NR* coding for "*i*n case you don't know how to spell this word, be sure to look it up." But the new assistant editor hadn't caught on to our editorial habits, and, manifestly, Spiritu Sancto was of no help. Cordially, **—WFB**

Nick, *Punch* Rothco

"Heavens! I didn't realize that any computer programmers had already *retired*."

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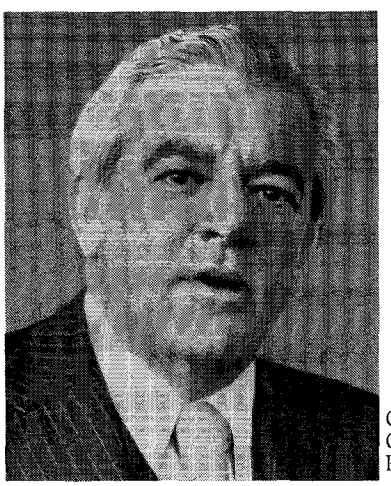

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Reagan's African Win

WASHINGTON IS the setting for many strange encounters, but none stranger of late than the mid-April meetings of Manuel Alexandre Rodrigues, the Angolan Minister of the Interior, with two of our highest-ranking government officials. On April 14, Rodrigues met with the Vice President for one hour, a meeting that was listed on Mr. Bush's appointment calendar simply as "Meeting"—no name, no agenda. The Vice President's office is tight-lipped about what went on except to say that the visit was "friendly" and "part of a continuing dialogue." One day earlier, Rodrigues met with Secretary of State George Shultz. (The State Department also is refusing substantive comment.) Not bad for the first co-adjutor of a brutish strongman, José Eduardo dos Santos, head of the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) and president of Angola, a nation with which we have no official diplomatic relations. The reason for this strange encounter of the diplomatic kind? Astonishingly enough, to set a timetable for the withdrawal of Cuban troops.

What are the implications of a Cuban pullout? First, the Republic of South Africa will be required to leave Namibia, and to do so on the same timetable as governs the Cuban exit from Angola. These are the terms of an agreement fashioned in early 1982 between, on the one side, National Security Advisor William Clark and Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker, and on the other, South Africa's Prime Minister Pieter Botha and Foreign Minister Roelof "Pik" Botha.

When South Africa does quit Namibia (where—according to recent disclosures made here by Dirk Mudge, head of the Turnhalle Alliance—the Pretoria government grows more unpopular with each passing day), that beleaguered state will have its long-sought independence. This will be followed either by a continuing civil war in neighboring Angola between Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces and the MPLA or, more likely, an internal settlement. The MPLA, it is felt here, will not be so unthinking as to believe that, stripped of the Cubans, it can go on refusing to talk to Savimbi and survive his challenge.

In either case, the departure of the Cubans from Angola would be a serious blow to the Soviets, and a foreign-policy coup for Ronald Reagan. The President can then turn to liberals like Congressmen Howard Wolpe and Stephen Solarz —who have been dishing it out to him for his policy of "constructive engagement" with South Africa instead of Jimmy Carter's sterile, countereffective hostility—and say: "Look, I've gotten Namibia her independence, and Angola hers—essentially, since the Cubans are out. You couldn't do either."

Of greater importance than the Reagan win is the Soviet loss. If the Cubans are kicked out of Angola, the entire Soviet strategy for southern Africa goes down the tubes. The Soviet intention in that sphere is obvious: align the U.S. entirely with South Africa, and present the USSR as black Africa's liberator. The strategy has not been working well because the Soviets don't have the cash to play the game. They supply arms for rebels, but once the rebels win, the Soviets can then do little for them. Quite the reverse, in fact: the Russians being so hard-up for cash themselves, they try to wring cash from the rebels, estranging and embittering their erstwhile dependents.

The Soviets have lost out in Zimbabwe. Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe's black head of state, despises the Soviets. He kept them from establishing an embassy in Harare (Salisbury) for a year after he took office. Even today he permits relatively few Soviets in the nation's capital, and those few are kept under constant surveillance by his secret police. For their part, the Soviets dislike Mr. Mugabe even more than we do, because Mugabe is pro-Red China—a posture that is anathema to the Soviets.

In Mozambique also, things are going badly for the Russians. There, the Soviet-backed Samora Machel is on the ropes, thanks in no small part to a guerrilla movement supported by South Africans. Now, with a timetable in the offing for the exodus of 25,000 Cubans from Angola, the USSR's grand southern-African strategy appears to be a quivering house of cards.

CONVERSELY, Mr. Reagan can claim that his southern-African strategy is working, and that its success has given the lie to the Donald McHenrys of this world, who have complained so energetically about the President's insistence on a parallel withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola and South African troops from Namibia. McHenry—he replaced Andy Young as Carter's UN ambassador—believed that the Namibian settlement and the presence of Cuban troops in Angola are separate issues that should not be joined.

Approaching 1984 and his run for re-election, Ronald Reagan needs a foreign-policy win. The Middle East is practically ineligible. Even if Arafat okays Hussein as the PLO's proxy, it will be a long, tense negotiation—a second-term preoccupation for the President. Central America is another no-prompt-win situation. In Asia, Peking now smiles at the Soviet Union and makes a moue at us. NATO is at best a political draw for the Gipper.

So what's left as a potential win? Africa.

That's the way the Reagan heavies—Bush, Shultz, Clark—see it, and that's why they are spending more time on cleaning up the Angolan/Namibian/South African situation than most people know. □

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

The Fairness Doctrine

TOM BETHELL

In 1978 Congress enacted a lawyer's dream called the Natural Gas Policy Act. As might be expected, it turned out to be a consumers' nightmare. The act divided identical units of natural gas into 26 vintages and determined how much producers could charge for their chemically identical but bureaucratically subdivided product. Now, five years later, Congress is once again deliberating on the topic. Consumers should keep their fingers crossed, because there is at least a fair chance that our legislators will again prove more useful to lawyers than to householders with natural gas on tap—all in the name of fairness, of course.

Natural-gas pricing illustrates a long-standing Washington problem: many legislators think it is sufficient to have good intentions, no matter how bad the real-world outcome of their ruminations. Some, such as Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio), mistakenly believe that they are being helpful when they adopt a punitive attitude toward the productive. Others just do not understand that prices are unruly and will not lie down on command.

Since 1978, natural-gas prices have risen by a factor of three or more, depending on where you live and what mixture of vintages your local pipeline delivers. In the same period lots of new natural gas has been discovered, and consumption of the fuel has dropped. It now accounts for 25 per cent of U.S. energy production—down from 30 per cent.

How did regulations that were intended to pull prices down in fact buoy them up? The most important feature of free-market economics is agreement: the two parties to an exchange, buyer and seller, determine the value of the thing exchanged by mutual agreement. At a certain point (market price) both are content. Natural-gas pricing in the U.S. replaces agreement with command. A third party (Congress) bases its price-commands on the quasi-moral principle of "fairness," which in fact neglects to take into account the interests of either buyer or seller. Third-party pricing is the method used by socialist economies and is the main reason they don't work and never will.

Having controlled natural-gas prices since 1956, most congressmen did at least understand by 1978 that if you try to hold prices too low, then supply will dry up. So in 1978 they boldly deregulated hard-to-reach gas (below 15,000 feet). Drillers went to work immediately and recovered plenty of this gas. (There are, by the way, over 12,000 natural-gas producers in the U.S., the largest market share of any one of them being 5 per cent.) At the same time, "old" gas—discovered before 1977—was kept under rigid price controls. Soon there were huge price disparities between identical portions of gas. Some "old" gas sold at the command price of 30¢ per thousand cubic feet (MCF). Some deep gas was selling at the market price of $9 per MCF.

Falling Demand

The pipeline companies thought that the demand for gas would keep on rising, so they happily contracted to buy this $9 gas. At the same time they were still getting cheap gas from contracts signed in the 1950s and 1960s. Regulations compelled them to "pass through" to consumers only their cost, plus a certain amount of "profit." (That is, they could charge consumers $9 plus, or 30¢ plus, or a lot of other prices in between, depending on how much they had paid for the gas.) It was assumed that in the years ahead consumer demand would be such that a mixture of these vintages would yield a moderate price—one that would keep natural gas competitive with oil.

That was one of the big miscalculations. Of course, the point is that administered prices are *always* based on miscalculations, because the information on which the calculations are based varies from day to day. Therefore, so must prices—as indeed they do in a free market. Congress, on the other hand, can only turn its collective mind to the complex topic of "fairness" once every five years or so. In any event, demand unexpectedly fell off. The pipelines found that they could sell only a part of what they had contracted to buy.

Which part do you think they sold—the cheap part or the expensive part? Suppose you own two identical houses, but there is only one buyer. You can sell one at the market price (let's say $90,000). But the government says you can only sell the other for $3,000. (A matter of "fairness": you bought it cheap in the Depression.) You can keep the house you don't sell. You will of course sell the first one. And it has been much the same with natural gas. The pipeline companies have chosen to sell their expensive gas, keeping in reserve the gas that costs them the least in terms of carrying costs and interest charges.

Finishing Off OPEC

And that is why natural-gas consumers in Boston today are paying almost 50 per cent more than they were two years ago, while the price of the rival fuel, deregulated oil, has dropped by about 20 per cent. In short, the effect of natural-gas price regulation has been to keep all but the most expensive gas away from the market.

The Administration's bill now before Congress would go at least some way toward a remedy. This in turn would end the need for occasional deliveries of pricey natural gas from Algeria. And with deregulation there would soon be so much more natural-gas use that oil imports would decline and OPEC would be finished off completely. Unfortunately there's a rival bill favored by the Left, and by people like Senator Nancy L. Kassebaum (R., Kan.). This one would try to solve the problem by making the regulations more stringent.

The usual villains have been as good as gold on this issue. Most major newspapers (including the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*) understand that it is regulatory error rather than producer greed that has driven up prices. Unfortunately, a majority of the public probably still does believe that prices can be subjected to legislative command without subsequent market distortion. So we have here an interesting test case of the dictum enunciated by Representative Phil Gramm (R., Tex.) that Congress is more responsive to ideas than it is to interests. We shall see. □

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The Trading Psycho-Syndrome

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

I HAVE NEVER met Mr. J. Paul Lyet, chief executive officer of the Sperry Corporation, but I am going to address a few thoughts to him. I am inspired to do so on reading the following words attributed to him:

> I'm just a businessman trying to make a living—and so you may think this is self-serving—but I would think that trade builds bridges. . . . I don't subscribe to the Russian system. But eventually there's going to be a coming together—peaceful co-existence, if you want to call it that. I think that the more their people see of our system and how it works, the more it's going to moderate their views.

Now these words of Mr. Lyet's are not new. They appeared in a December 1978 issue of *U.S. News & World Report*, and they would not be worth requoting today were it not for the fact that Mr. Lyet is the chairman of the President's Export Council, which has been wrestling with the truly thorny question of finding the right policy on East-West trade.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Lyet, in his more recent discussions on East-West trade, has had occasion to modify his views. But if, as has been widely reported, the Export Council is now recommending a substantial weakening of restrictions on trade with the Soviet Union, then it doesn't look as if there has been much of a change. In any case, the 1978 quotation is a good point of departure, for many Western businessmen undoubtedly hold exactly the same views on the supposed benefits of trading with the Soviet bloc.

An Unproven Proposition

Come to think of it, David Lloyd George, the successful Prime Minister of Great Britain during the latter part of World War I and after, harbored similar thoughts. He was worried, as his contemporary Churchill was, about the Bolshevik Revolution, but he thought trading with the new regime would have a softening effect. Six and a half decades later, the proposition remains unproven. Alternatively, the softening of the Soviet regime does seem to be taking an inordinately long time. "In the long run," as John Maynard Keynes once said, "we are all dead." Or words to that effect.

Readers of this magazine will remember that curious episode in recent history known universally, but for obscure reasons, as detente. The thing called detente was, in part at least, about East-West trade. Encouraged by the then-incumbent Administration, great financial institutions—Wells Fargo, Bankers Trust, Chase Manhattan—stepped in to provide the Soviets with the money to "buy" high technology from the United States. The same happened in Britain, France, and Germany.

The end result included the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and a mountain of bad debts from the Soviet bloc.

I am almost ashamed to dish up this old stuff to the sophisticated readers of *NR*, but supposing, just supposing, it might be new, a revelation, to the chairman of the President's Export Council and some of his colleagues?

Mr. Lyet mentions "peaceful co-existence." In the early days of revolutionary Russia, Lenin had a clever foreign commissar called Chicherin. The triumphant Bolsheviks were not short of problems, but one of them was a theoretical thorn in their flesh. According to the texts of Marxism-Leninism (still in its infancy), and the firm expectations of the Czar's murderers, the Russian Revolution was supposed to be followed by similar revolutions in other countries, amounting quite soon to a world revolution.

The trouble was that the world revolution was taking its time about coming. Meanwhile, the fledgling Russian Revolution was short of everything: money, goods, food. It looked as if it might have to trade with the "capitalists" and even sign treaties and make deals with them. Lenin hoped this period would be short, but he couldn't be certain. Then Chicherin came up with this reassuring form of words. Why not, he asked his boss, call this period of dealing with the capitalists "peaceful co-existence"? Today, sixty years or so later, world revolution still hasn't come along, though Soviet power and guile have set up compatible regimes in many places. So "peaceful co-existence" still goes on.

In the late Fifties and early Sixties, the ebullient Nikita Khrushchev was in power. Who could forget? In 1960, Nikita presided in Moscow over a meeting of 81 Communist parties (including, for the last time, a Chinese party delegation). Many of the comrades were worried about the better relations with the capitalist and imperialist world that Khrushchev was seeking. Wishing to reassure them, he put his signature to a lengthy Final Declaration, which redefined "peaceful co-existence" as implying "the intensification of the international class struggle." In other words, what we in the West call "the cold war."

"The more their people see of our system and how it works, the more it's going to moderate their views." Well, let's see. President Dwight D. Eisenhower invited Nikita Khrushchev to see for himself how the American people lived and worked, and Khrushchev took full advantage of the opportunity, marveling at the cars owned by the workers in Detroit, and at the wheatfields of Kansas. The outcome? "We will bury you!"

Keeping Watch

Am I saying, then, that *all* trade between the West and the East should be banned? Of course not. Nobody should be so foolish. What I am saying is that a constant watch should be kept in all member countries of the Alliance on the items that the West exports to the Soviet bloc. In fact, the so-called COCOM list of banned items of strategic trade *is* kept under review, but the basic concept has been made obsolete by the spectacular expansion of technology in the past 15 years. Many apparently innocent and "peaceful" items, especially in the computer field, have military applications. There is unfortunately no unity on the Western side about exports of high technology.

No issue is more crucial for the West's survival. Do we continue to commit suicide on the installment plan by helping to increase the power and efficiency of the Soviet war machine? That is what Lenin, all those years ago, said we would do. But do we really have to prove him right? □

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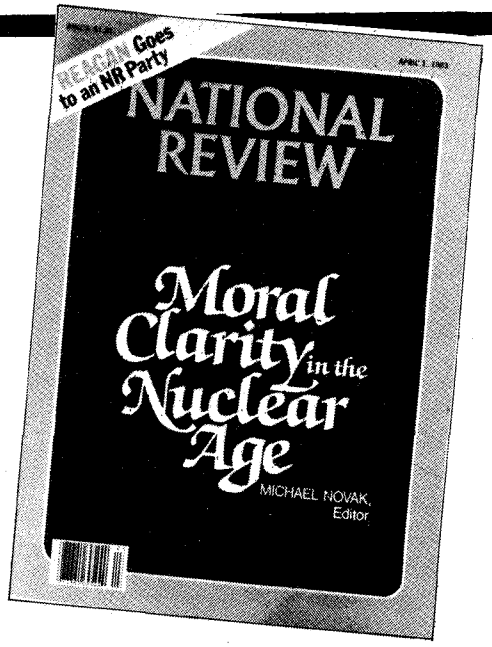
For the first time ever, *National Review* devoted an entire issue to a single document:



Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age

MICHAEL NOVAK, *Editor*

Never before in its 28 years of publishing has *National Review* magazine devoted virtually an entire issue to a single document. But the April 1 issue did precisely that. The subject is nuclear disarmament, and the document—with powerful eloquence—deals with the question: Should public policy proceed on the understanding that no use of nuclear weapons is morally defensible, not even the threat of their use as a deterrent?

Few would deny that the future of our nation, and perhaps the world itself, may depend on the answer to that question. The mere *posing* of it, says *National Review* Editor Wm. F. Buckley Jr., "is nothing less than an eructation in civilized thought, putting, as it does, the protraction of biological life as the first goal of modern man."

This new doctrine, says Buckley in his introduction to the issue, "comes at us from many sides, in many voices, in varied tempos, with many allurements heavily moral in tone." And, he adds, its advocates, "while they have not called explicitly for unilateral nuclear disarmament, have set forth positions which, if they were put into effect, would almost certainly bring on such disarmament, even as the logic of the wheel is to turn."

In *Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age*, Michael Novak rigorously analyzes the moral arguments in great detail. Mr. Novak, currently *National Review*'s religion editor, is a Catholic scholar and theologian widely known for his many books (most recently his seminal work, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*) as well as for his activism in human rights and other efforts. In writing this document he consulted with scholars Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and agnostic. The result is what Buckley calls "a prodigious effort" in the form of an "Open Letter" to the American Catholic bishops.

The entire text (over 20,000 words) of the open letter is reprinted in **National Review**. If you are not a regular subscriber you can get a copy for yourself by using the card facing this page now! But the supply is strictly limited so do not delay—you will *not* want to miss it.

"Without disparaging the importance of those Catholic bishops who have energized the anti-nuclear movement, I would predict that what will prove historically important about what they did is that they engendered Mr. Novak's 'Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age.' . . . It is a document for the age, and we are proud to publish it in its entirety in *National Review*."

— Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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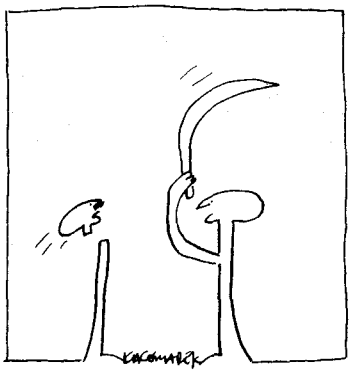
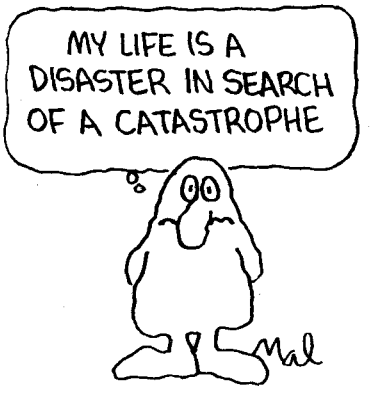
help!!!!



"That's the last time I stick my neck out for someone."



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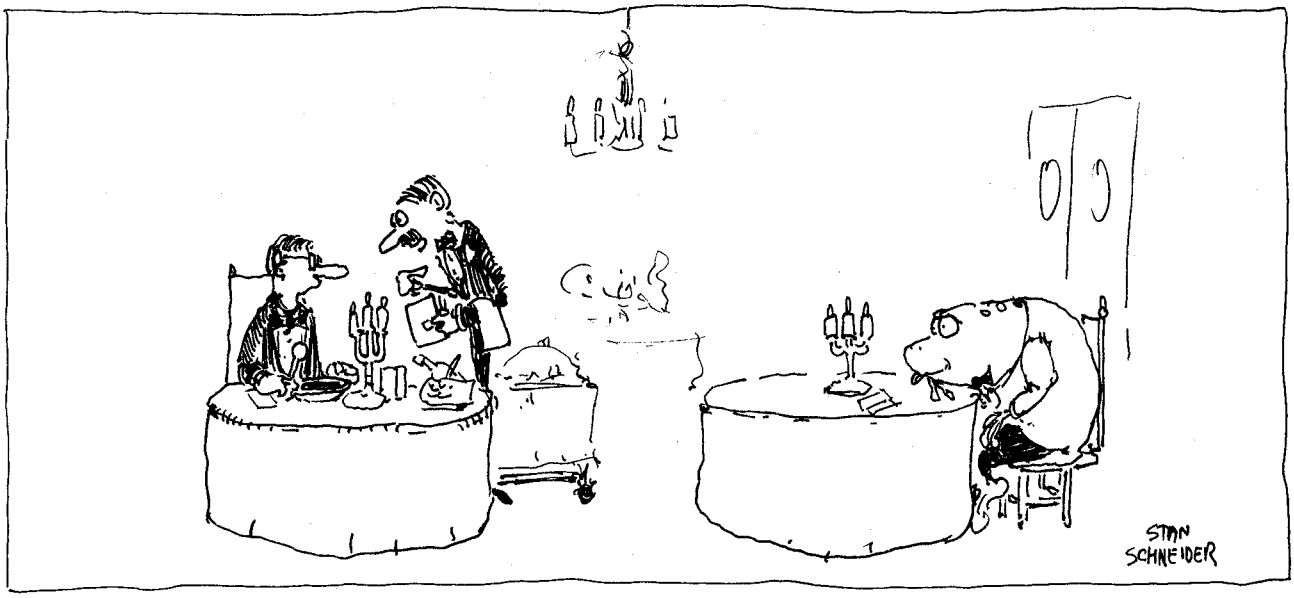
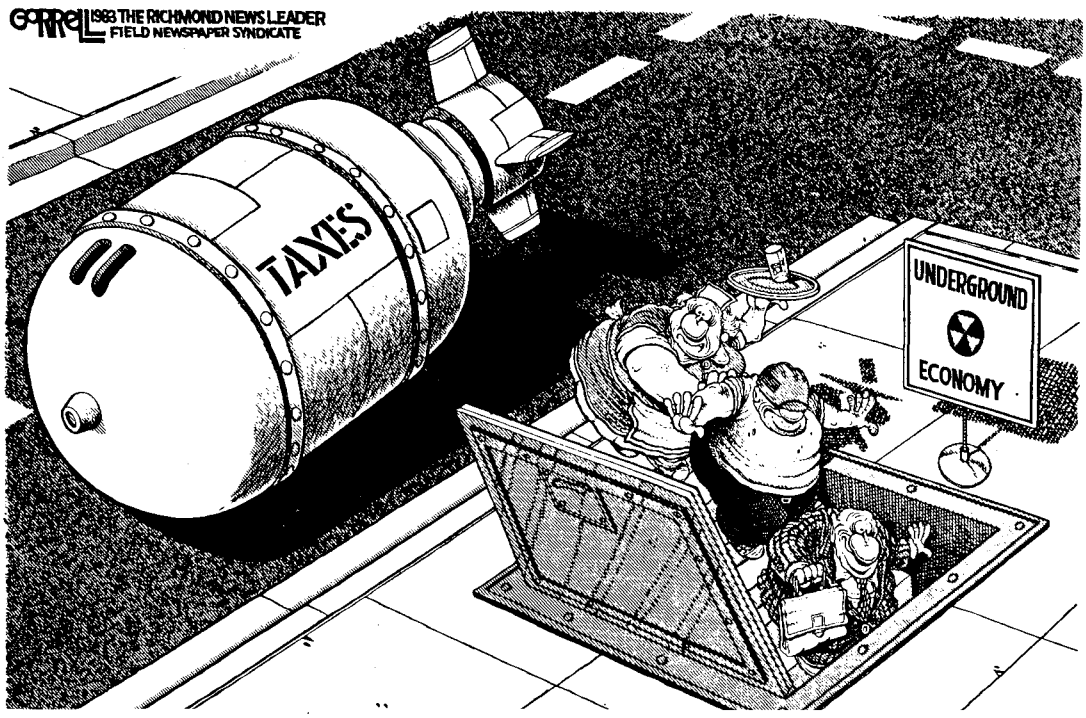


"Pardon me, sir. The gentleman at that table would like to know if you want the fly in your soup."

Post-Industrial America

Professors say we mustn't fret
As smokestacks belch no more, and debt
Engulfs the companies that made
America one long parade.
With chips and silicon, they say,
We'll rise again another day,
While lesser lands where labor's cheap
Will roll the steel and build the jeep.
But guess what happens if or when
December 7 strikes again.

W. H. VON DREELE



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WALTER A. McDOUGALL

How NOT to Think about SPACE LASERS

"TONIGHT WE are launching an effort which holds the promise of changing the course of human history." So President Reagan announced March 23 in his national address on defense. He offered "new hope for our children" that by the twenty-first century a defense may be found to make nuclear missiles obsolete. Remaining prudently cautious about the cost, timetable, and effectiveness of specific technologies, the President pledged the U.S. to a vigorous search for a technological escape from the balance of terror that has chilled the last generation of humanity.

The speech crowned a decade-long effort by maverick defense analysts, frustrated generals, and visionary scientists to re-open the debate on the wisdom of a defensive nuclear strategy that seemed to have been closed by the SALT I treaty of 1972 that banned effective deployment of anti-ballistic missiles (ABM). But R&D on all defensive missile systems has now reached $1 billion per year, while the Air Force expects investment in space laser systems to increase by fiscal year 1988 to $500 million per year. Assuming that one or more defensive technologies emerge as best bets in the near future, the most important decision of Reagan's second term will be whether to approve a prototype "battle station" for earth orbit.

By "most important" one can only mean a decision that potentially alters the probability of nuclear war. Someday an array of orbiting directed-energy weapons may defend the U.S. against strategic attack by destroying hostile missiles in their ascent stage with hyper-intense beams traveling at the speed of light. Combined with a Low Altitude Defense System (LOADS) and an anti-aircraft defense to ward off bombers, a space-based ABM system promises to fulfill the dream Americans first entertained the night after Sputnik, of a defense against Khrushchev's giant, rattling rockets no matter how reckless the Kremlin ideologues might become.

Yet this sublime dream has been denounced as a nightmare in predictable quarters. Yuri Andropov questioned Reagan's sanity and attributed his speech to Pentagon warmongering. Senator Kennedy suggested that Reagan be given an Academy Award for his performance in "Star Wars." More to the point, august members of the strategic community echoed Bernard Brodie and twenty years of experts, declaring that attempts to defend ourselves against nuclear attack were folly: that stalemate was the best we could expect in the age of nuclear weapons; that defense was offense; that ABMs would only increase the likelihood of war. Either the "have" side would be tempted to launch a first strike without fear of retaliation, or the "have-nots" would launch first to pre-empt ABM deployment. This argument is sufficiently intimidating to have kept discussion of potential new ABM technologies sotto voce. But the goad for large-scale research on space-based directed-energy weapons was not the lust for a war-fighting edge, nor even the longing for a shield against Damocles' sword; rather it was the tiresome fact that the Soviets were doing it first.

Throughout the mid-Seventies rumors spread about alleged Soviet research into the military applications of two new technologies, lasers and particle beams, both of which fall under the rubrics of "enhanced-radiation," "directed-energy," or "beam" weapons, and involve the propagation of very thin, energetic beams of light or matter capable of effecting the instantaneous destruction of satellites and other cosmic targets. These futuristic weapons, still a decade or more and billions of dollars away from deployment, are not to be confused with existing anti-satellite (A-SAT) systems such as the Soviet "killer satellites" that destroy by collision or proximate explosion, or the American A-SAT missile designed for launch from a high-flying F-15. Beam weapons in orbit would be to these clumsy systems as the atomic bomb was to chemical explosives.

Major General George Keegan, retired chief of Air Force intelligence, sounded alarms about Soviet research in 1976, warning that a particle-beam demonstration program was already under way in Kazakhstan. By 1981, the Soviets had repeatedly tested their conventional A-SAT system and seemed to have launched a prototype battle station armed with clusters of infrared homing rockets capable of knocking out U.S. military satellites. The Salyut space stations are certainly suitable, and may already have been used, for laser experimentation in space. The Soviets' massive war games of 1982 showed a high degree of integration of space-based systems, including A-SATs, into their strategic war planning. Evidence of American probes into these fields also leaked out in the late Seventies, including hydrogen-fluoride laser research at Martin Marietta and Lockheed,

Mr. McDougall is a professor of diplomatic history at the University of California, Berkeley. His second book, The Heavens and the Earth: The Political Roots of the Space Age, *a political history of the origins of space technology, will be published next year by Basic Books.*

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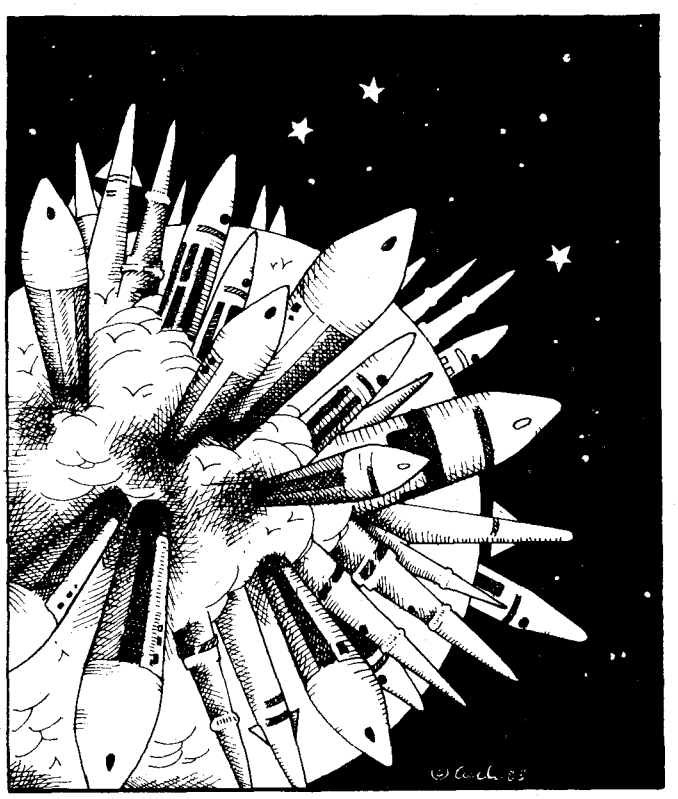
the Army's Sipapu (later White Horse) program in particle-beam technology at Los Alamos, and the Department of Energy's revolutionary Project Dauphin on X-ray lasers at Livermore.

To be sure, Buck Rogers weaponry offers no quick exit from our strategic doldrums, but almost everyone agrees on the need to retain U.S. technological leadership in orbital space, where so many of our intelligence, command, control, and communication systems are now located. Jimmy Carter's shift in Presidential Directive 59 toward counterforce targeting only illuminated our weakness by emphasizing a war-winning capability we no longer had. Given the Soviet threat to our land-based missiles, Carter's America could have carried off a war-fighting strategy only by means of a first strike, or by resorting to hair-trigger modes of launch-on-warning or launch-under-attack. What was more, the success of any deterrent relies in part on early-warning and command control satellites potentially threatened by Soviet A-SATs. Given all this bad news, it is not surprising that space weaponry, satellite hardening, and research in beam technology found a place in most published inquiries into strategy for the 1980s.

By July 1980 the Department of Defense (DOD) declared chemical lasers capable of destroying missiles during launch, and predicted proof of A-SAT, satellite-defense, and ABM feasibility by 1987. A three-tier system of space lasers, ground-based ABMs, and LOADS could be designed to handle attacks of 1,500 to 3,000 enemy missiles. The laser stations would be inherently self-protecting and armored in a way the target ICBMs could not be. During Carter's lame-duck period, DOD officials estimated that the Soviets were still spending three to five times as much as the U.S. on directed-energy research, and claimed that "whichever side can provide an operational laser battle station first can control access to space."

Following the first flight of the Space Shuttle in the spring of 1981, the Air Force created a Space Laser Office, while the National Security Council and the State Department studied the political and military implications of space weapons. In October of that year President Reagan announced the decision to develop technologies for space-based defense, while his science advisor George Keyworth, a skeptic, lamented spending most of his time resisting congressional pressure, led by Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.), to proceed with laser stations. In April 1982, the General Accounting Office released an independent study that called for the funding necessary to permit orbital laser tests by the end of the decade. In September, Defense Secretary Weinberger endorsed rapid development of space-based ABMs, while the Heritage Foundation weighed in with its *High Frontier: A New National Strategy*. Inspired by retired Army General Daniel O. Graham, *High Frontier* insisted that exotic beam weapons may not even be necessary—conventional projectiles clustered on orbiting battle stations could suffice to disable ICBMs in their boost phase.*



Given this technical and political momentum, the current hiatus in A-SAT talks, the Soviet threat to our land-based deterrent, and the growing revulsion with the balance of terror in the ranks of the defense establishment and the anti-nuclear movement alike, a laser ABM prototype may be a "go or no go" proposition in the near future.

There are powerful arguments against moving beyond research. The cost of an ABM array in space will seem staggering (though no more in constant dollars than the Apollo moon program) and the benefits uncertain, given that cheap countermeasures, such as hardening missiles or using decoys, might be able to frustrate a "Maginot Line in the sky." An MIT study warned that space lasers "may be militarily impractical and politically dangerous." According to its authors, the system would invite attack before full deployment, possibly sparking all-out nuclear war.

It must be said, however, that while either of these objections may be accurate, the "it's easily countered" argument and the "it's so dangerous the enemy will pre-empt" argument contradict each other. Either a laser system is a huge waste of money, or it is a serious threat inviting attack, but not both. Everyone agrees on the need for continued research to prevent technological surprise by the Soviets. But serious conflicts remain concerning cost-effectiveness, and the risk of taking overt steps toward such a system.

How should we approach the bizarre, mortal issues raised by the prospect of space-based ABM technology? The public discussion of space weaponry has already been sullied by calculated hysteria meant less to reveal real demerits of the new technologies than to prevent publicity of their potential merits. Thanks to media sensationalism, a misinformed public either applauds inanely at the prospect of Atari's Missile Command game coming to life, or else deplores the plot of Pentagon Darth Vaders to annex space to their Empire. Before serious debate can commence, some slogans must be put to rest. The fact is that in the topsy-turvy canopy of space, our gut reactions are not trustworthy. Sometimes the world is upside-down.

1. *Laser weapons will militarize space.* This is the war-

*The best running account of these developments is to be found in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*.

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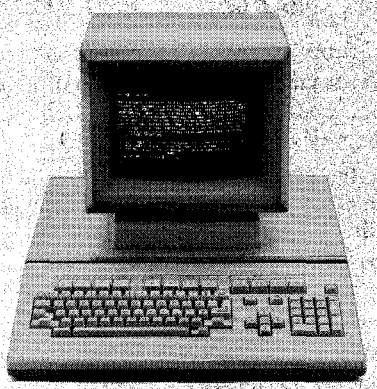

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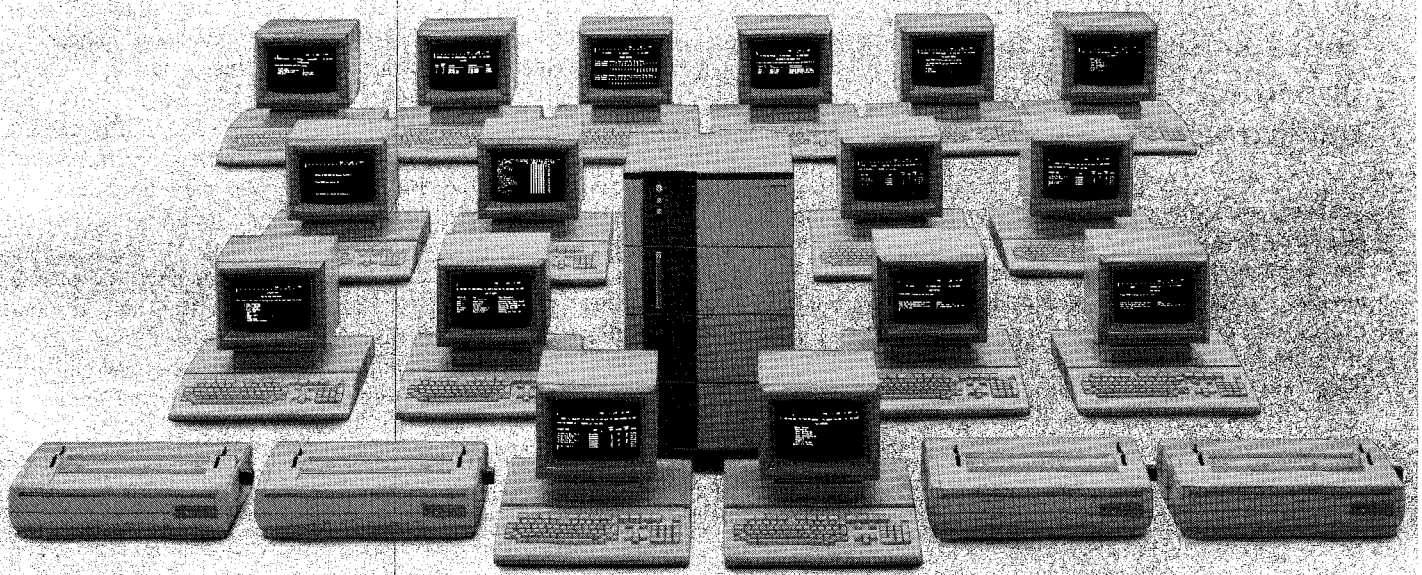

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cry of journalists and others who want to preserve the virginity of outer space from the rapine of terrestrial militarists. It is not a new sound in the heavens, but an echo from the post-Sputnik era when men of good will hoped to keep cold-war rivalry out of the newly opened territory of space, and thus not repeat the failure to control atomic power at the outset. But there was a superstitious undertone in the "space for peace" chorus: even though the Russians' ICBMs, and not their stubbornly secret space program, were the true threat, there was something scary about Red moons overhead carrying heaven knew what. In time, the U.S. and the USSR concluded that bombs in orbit were too messy, and the Partial Test Ban Treaty (1963) and the Outer Space Treaty (1967) banned testing and deployment of weapons of mass destruction in outer space. But there were other military uses of space, and from the beginning the "space for peace" cry was as futile as if it had been shouted in the vacuum of space itself.

The last historical purpose of the retaliatory doctrine could be to shelter the transition to a new, mature nuclear age cradled in space

Space was militarized even before Sputnik I soared in October 1957, and is irreversibly so after 25 years. If it were not enough that satellite launchers were usually military missiles, or that civilian space technologies were often identical to those needed for defense, then the very necessity of military satellite systems to support strategic missile forces ensured the militarization of space. In order to aim ICBMs for any purpose other than the crudest city-busting, in order to protect them, in order to avoid paranoid overestimation of the enemy's capability and to monitor his technical progress—in other words, in order to perform essential support functions in the missile age—we (and the Soviets) had to push quickly for satellite systems in the service of military geodesy, surveillance, communications, meteorology, infrared early warning, and electronic ferreting.

In the case of the United States there was a premium attached to spy satellites because of the closed nature of Soviet society. We needed, and still need, secure means of surveillance more than the Soviets do—not because we are devious and aggressive, but because they are. Indeed, the U.S. spy-satellite program was begun a year before the Space Age was born.

So what is new about laser anti-missile systems? It is the prospect of *active* as opposed to *passive* military space systems. There has not yet been a shot fired in anger in the serenity of space. A-SATs seem especially provocative, because an attack on enemy satellites would probably never occur without signaling nuclear war. But this is to confuse cause and effect. Men on earth may start nuclear wars; machines in space do not. But what if a laser shot down a spacecraft by accident? This would be grave indeed, but far less serious than the accidental launch of a nuclear warhead, the prospect we live with today. In any case, why is it more important to protect pristine space, where nothing lives, than the crowded earth? But the most elementary fact is that once military assets are placed in space, they inevitably become targets. Space *is* militarized, and to prevent somehow the extension of active weaponry to space—to keep it a sanctuary for passive military systems—would simply be to protect the strategic status quo. This suggests a second misconception impeding fruitful debate.

2. *Don't rock the MAD boat.* MAD—mutual assured destruction—is the missile-age gospel, sanctified by Robert McNamara in 1965 and preached by a generation of politicians, pundits, and political scientists. Why it held sway for so long will be an interesting problem for historians. The ascendancy of liberalism was certainly a factor, since MAD permitted the U.S. to freeze nuclear delivery systems for 15 years, cut arms spending sharply during years of Soviet buildup, and relegate military history, strategy, and leadership to the category of the disreputable. Since nuclear weapons had "changed the world," history was irrelevant. Since war was now unthinkable and a credible deterrent all that was needed, strategy was obsolete. Since defense variables were now quantifiable (megatonnage, throw-weight, circular error probability, etc.), human factors and provocative military "virtues" were atavistic. Such corollaries to MAD appealed to the technocratic mind.

To be sure, our doctrine has never been purely MAD. If a leak or a federal court ever spills the Single Integrated Operational Plans (SIOP) from the Sixties and Seventies, they should show that U.S. priorities always included military targets in the Soviet Union. We may have had one strategy for public consumption, and another—a mix of counterforce and countervalue—in reality. MAD, let us recall, requires that if the Soviets strike first at our missile, bomber, and submarine bases, the President may respond by flinging what warheads remain at Russian cities. This, of course, invites a final, fatal blast at our cities. Would any President order Armageddon out of spite? If the answer is "not likely," then what has been the rationale of MAD?

Its logic derived first from the technological determinism that says nuclear weapons changed warfare forever. The nature of the beasts—small, cheap, very destructive, and impossible to repel—gave an advantage to the attack and counterattack unique in history. No matter how devastating one's first blow, retaliation was swift and certain, and thus a "big war" unthinkable. Indeed the nuclear age has been one of 38 years of "strategic peace"; five more years and we break the record of 1871 to 1914. Whether this was due to nukes, to deterrence, or in fact to American superiority is a haunting question.

Yet once the peace-keeping value of MAD was assumed, a second justification emerged. As Henry Kissinger put it in Brussels in 1979, "[This] school of thought to which I myself contributed . . . considered that strategic stability was a military asset; . . . the historically amazing theory developed that vulnerability contributed to peace and invulnerability contributed to risks of war." The goal was not, therefore, to escape from the balance of terror, but to prevent its destabilization. Chief among destabilizers was ABM. Despite the fears of a Soviet missile defense (the Tallinn Upgrade), Red China's ICBM tests, and the maturation of Safeguard technology, ABM failed in this country both because of its costliness and because of MAD fears of destabilization.

Now ABM is back. Despite SALT and America's strategic snooze, the Soviets continued to build far beyond

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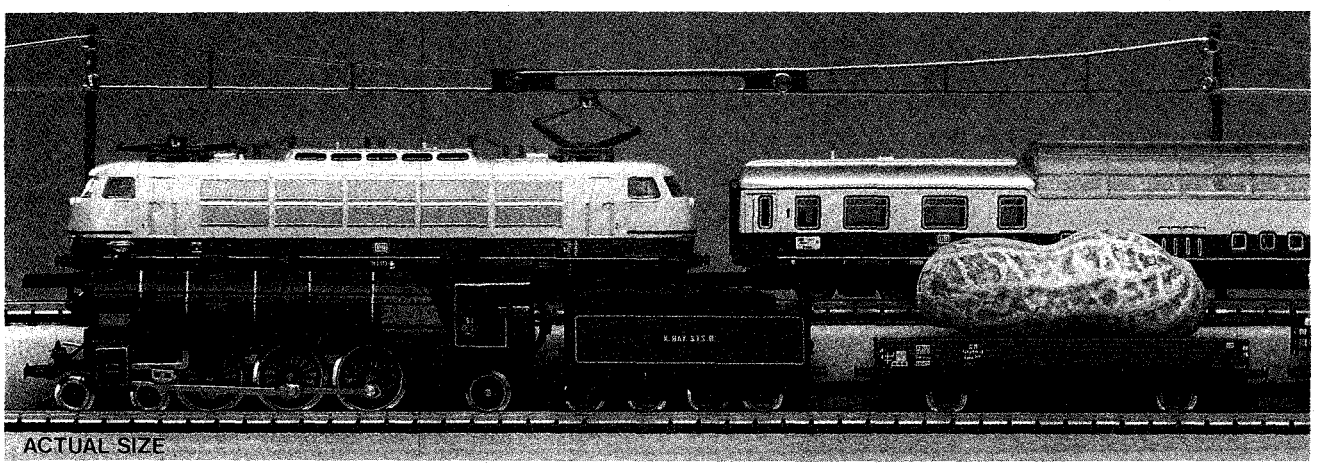
what they needed for stable deterrence. SALT II accordingly died, the SALT I ABM treaty is currently open for review, and space-based laser or other systems now hold out hope of an effective and clean technology for the defensive mission. We all hope that START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) will succeed in reducing arsenals, but nonnuclear defensive systems do not necessarily conflict with that hope. Ultimately, arms reduction and ABM have the same aim: the end of terror.

This time, however, the country must not only debate the risks and merits of ABM, it must also put MAD on trial. Even assuming MAD was a salutary doctrine for the early missile age, why is it assumed that that age will last forever? Critics have applied to space-based lasers the fallacy of the last move—that every technological fix inevitably triggers a counter-fix. True enough, but technological advance can be stopped, if at all, only by universal political will. We must always try to marshal that will, but meanwhile how could we preserve MAD in the face of continued Soviet buildups? Build another thousand missiles and put them out to sea, in zany shell-game silos, or into space? Go to any extreme to preserve our freedom to incinerate Russian cities? There is reason to believe that strategic arms would be better controlled, the balance more secure, and the risks lower in an ABM world, laser or otherwise, than in a MAD one.

Consider the possibilities. The first scenario is that the superpowers agree to ban space weaponry, i.e., ABM is rejected again. This avoids the risks of transition, but preserves the risks inhering in an offensive strategic environment. The second is that both superpowers achieve a space-based ABM capability simultaneously. This would be ideal, for it would usher in another stable world, but one in which stability would derive from the certain *failure* of a first strike, rather than the certain *success* of retaliation. How long this technical regime might then last is anybody's guess. But if there is ever a time to muster the political will to freeze the strategic moment, let it come then, not now.

The third and fourth scenarios involve the U.S. or the USSR's deploying space-based ABMs first. This would surely mean gross imbalance. But if the U.S. is first, we will have won another chance not only to demonstrate our restraint, but to coax the Soviets and the world to accept an enforceable regime of arms control, the regime we failed to win during our atomic monopoly. Finally, there is the chance that the Soviets will acquire this technology first. The risks that would entail should suffice to motivate all Americans to see that it does not come to pass.

Of the four scenarios, the one that most disturbs critics of laser ABMs is the third. They fear that if the U.S. began to deploy, the Soviets would feel forced to pre-empt. As suggested above, this contradicts the argument that laser ABMs are easily countered and hence wasteful, but it also



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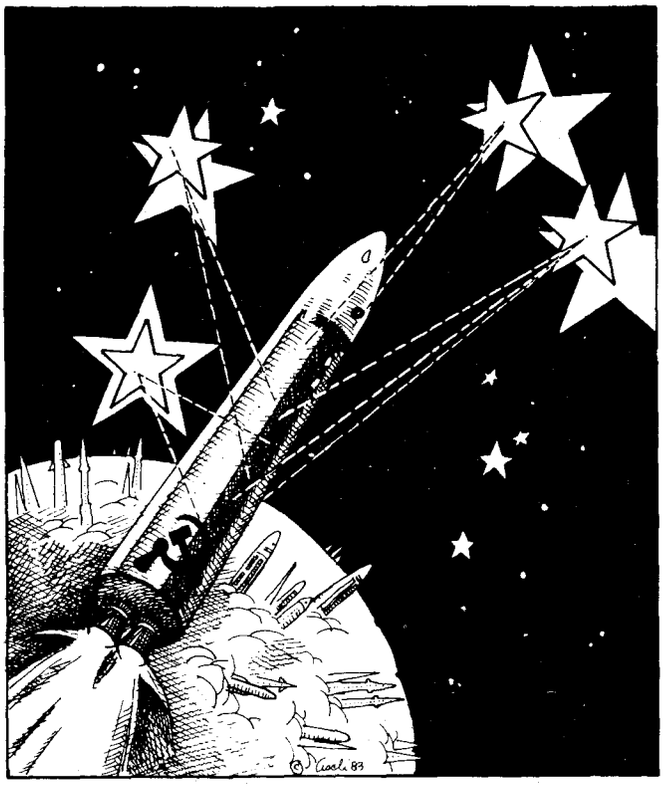
ignores the fact that by the time such a system is deployed, in the 1990s, the traditional U.S. deterrent will have been reinforced sufficiently to cover the deployment of space systems. The last historical purpose of the retaliatory doctrine could be to shelter the transition to a new, mature nuclear age cradled in space.

3. *The scientists are the only ones we can trust.* Maybe no one believes this any more, but many still act as if they do, out of what I call the Law of Selective Deference. This holds that experts with supporting testimony are scientific; those with contrary testimony are self-interested. After Sputnik we wanted to trust the experts who crowded into every corner of the Federal Government. When the technocratic promise of the 1960s soured—our technology having failed to save Third World democracy, the inner cities, and the American dollar—technical experts lost credibility. This was especially so in defense. Many people took for granted the meanness of government white-coats with their connections to weapons labs, hawkish senators, and the military-industrial complex.

There was never room for honest disagreement between an Edward Teller and a Barry Commoner. But, sadly, one cannot always trust expert debate on a question such as space weaponry even when all parties share a concern for strong, economical defense. Aside from turf-protecting, paradigmatic thinking, envy, jealousy, and academic politics, scientists also entrench themselves around specific technologies and doctrines. A career DOD official, frustrated over what he saw as foot-dragging on lasers, attributed it to the fact that Carter's top defense aides all had backgrounds in nuclear physics: ". . . charged-particle beams and high-energy lasers upset the technology monopoly of weapons created in World War II for offensive strategy. Tremendous power and prestige has [*sic*] accrued to those whose background is in nuclear-weapons design and they are now in policy-making positions. . . . It is very difficult to be statesman-like when everything you've learned can be overturned by new technology in which the defense can predominate" (*Aviation Week & Space Technology*, July 28, 1980).



Is this charge justified, or is it the grumbling of one engaged in a tenuous line of research? We may hope that high officials will always overcome the temptation to "spike" new ideas for personal motives. Yet revolutionary weapons often met stony resistance from hierarchies in the past. Can we not expect the same phenomenon today? Our major weapons decisions in recent decades have been made by officials who cut their teeth on nuclear bombs and missiles. Beam weapons are in the same relation to their lifework as dive bombers were to battleships or machine guns to the cavalry, or missiles to the big bombers.

The U.S. in possession of a space-based defense is free to exercise restraint, free not to use weapons once built. One cannot be confident of the other side

There is certain to be polarization over space lasers and other ABMs within the labs, the Pentagon, and the nation. We must listen carefully to expert testimony, but also note whence it comes.

4. *Space weapons are against the law.* Another common complaint against plans for prototype A-SAT or ABM weaponry is that it is illegal: aren't there treaties against that? The answer is: only for the time being. SALT I obliged signatories not "to interfere with national technical means of verification" (spy satellites) or "to develop, test, or deploy ABM systems which are sea-based, air-based, or mobile land-based." Thus space is a high frontier, but not a lawless Wild West. Nevertheless, failing extension of SALT I or a new ABM/A-SAT pact, there could be no ban on devices capable of destroying spacecraft and missiles.

The prospect for future negotiations is dim. The A-SAT talks adjourned in Vienna, the Soviets having persisted in killer-satellite experiments and insisted that the Space Shuttle is a form of A-SAT in need of control. Moscow asked that the issue be placed on the UN docket, but that means nothing. What law there is concerning space-based weaponry will unravel if either side jettisons SALT I (which can always be done on six months' notice). Would this be a disaster? Perhaps, perhaps not. We have tended to assume that arms control is an irreversible "process." Why should it not go into reverse, or start up new paths in an altered technical and political environment? The debate over space weaponry should go beyond the question, "Is testing such systems permissible?" to the question, "Is the international law we have, or project, in our and in the world's interest?"

5. *Space weapons mean a new arms race.* The threat of a new arms race, somehow more terrible because "in space," ignites concerned laymen. This judgment assumes that there was an old arms race that somehow stopped, and will stay stopped unless the space cadets get their way. One need not cover this ground again: the Soviets never stopped racing, lately we have been losing, and advanced technology has always been the trump that saves us from

(Continues on page 580)

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GROWING UP IN WASHINGTON

The Moderation of Robert Dole

RICHARD BROOKHISER

TEN YEARS AGO, he was "dark-visaged, sardonic," a "fiery jack-in-the-box" (*New York Times*). His debating style showed "smiling amorality" and "cruel skill" (Garry Wills). A White House spokesman—from his own party, yet—compared him to a "hungry Doberman pinscher," while another Republican (William Saxbe) said he "couldn't sell beer on a troop ship."

Now he has "sounded an independent voice" (*New York Times*). His colleagues "take him more seriously" (*Time*). He's "our kind of guy" (*Village Voice*). He "has grown" (George McGovern), "grown more than anybody in this town" (Robert Strauss).

Despite three successful campaigns for the Senate and one nearly successful run for the Vice Presidency, Bob Dole had never really bulked in the national consciousness—never, until last summer, when he streaked through the ether like Skylab, trailing proposals and pronouncements that struck liberals as bright and conservatives as junk. The good ink in the preceding paragraph followed. Times change, the *Times* changes. Has Robert Dole?

"Just because liberals say you're nice doesn't mean you're not." Dole's accent, as befits a Kansan, is equidistant from the twangs of Minnesota and Texas, and considerably less ugly than either. His dark visage can be studied all over the place these days. In the course of a ten-minute talk, he speaks of himself as both developing and consistent. He attributes his evolutions to electoral success. When Republicans were a minority, it was easier to "sit back and carp. We still get that from some House Republicans" (like Jack Kemp?). But Senate Republicans have shown "we could behave like a majority."

An instance of majoritarian behavior, according to Dole, was the Dole tax bill, a/k/a the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982. Cobbled together during the summer months by the Senate Finance Committee, which Dole chairs, the bill is supposed to levy $98.4 billion over three years. It was not universally applauded. Senator Moynihan remarked that he knew of no economic doctrine that prescribed raising taxes in a recession. Republicans in the House sat back and carped. The journals of the conservative movement, including this one, threw fits. But Ronald Reagan was convinced, and the White House pushed hard. The economy, Dole says, needed a signal of "acting responsibly." He was not surprised that the Democrats later welshed on the implicit bargain to cut spending: "You can't just recite three for one [the intended ratio of budget dollars cut to tax dollars raised]." In any case, the bill was a matter of fairness. "Conservatives feel the rich are our people. . . . I believe in tax equity."

Dole is an unreconstructed supply-outsider: he believes that spending cuts have "got to be the highest priority," that to cut taxes without cutting spending is the "highest folly." And he doesn't consider himself a renegade because of that. He supports the third tax-rate cut, and calls indexing "the best thing we did. . . . I've been good on prayer, on abortion, on busing. A little more realism from conservative groups would be a welcome change."

ROBERT JOSEPH DOLE was born on July 22, 1923, in Russell, Kan. (population at the time: three thousand). Grandson of a farmer, son of a grain-elevator manager, he spent two years as a pre-med at the University of Kansas, until World War II took him away.

He barely came back. In April 1945, Second Lieutenant Dole was leading a platoon of the 10th Mountain Division near the town of Castel d'Ianno in the Po Valley. A German shell scrambled his right shoulder, broke bones in his arm and spine. For nine hours he lay on the field; the first doctors who saw him assumed he would die. Streptomycin saved his life; 39 months in hospitals and tireless exercise restored the use of his legs. His right arm remains limp.

Dole married his physiotherapist, Phyllis Holden, in 1948.* The next year he entered law school, where his wife took notes for him (he later learned to write with his left hand); but he entered his true career even before graduating. In 1950, he was elected to a term in the Kansas House. Out of school, he served four terms as a county prosecutor. In 1960, he went to Congress.

During eight years in the House and 18 years in the Senate, Dole accumulated the record that most people, until recently, have thought of as squarely right-of-center. His first ACA and ADA ratings were 91 and zero, respectively; over time, they became less stark (1980: ADA, 22; ACA, 77; ACU, 67). In the Nixon years, Dole fought hard for Haynsworth, Carswell, the ABM system. In the Seventies, he pushed for indexing and offered an amendment requiring a balanced budget five years out of every nine. He supported SALT I, opposed the Panama Canal treaties, waffled on SALT II. He supported ERA, but not the extension.

Year in and year out, Dole voted the farmers' line. Price supports, beef import "stabilization," Meals on Wheels, gasohol projects—he has backed them all. As a congressman, Dole voted initially against food stamps, but soon saw the darkness, and ultimately teamed up with George McGovern on the Senate Agriculture Committee in expanding the program. His opposition to the post-Afghanistan grain embargo was at least consistent—more than can be said for the Reagan Administration.

And always there was the wit: the Carson show, guest-hosted by Sweeney Todd. On anti-Vietnam warriors: "left-leaning marshmallows." On Jimmy Carter: "chicken-fried McGovern." On the Watergate tapes: "Thank goodness whenever I was in the Oval Office I only nodded."

Watergate almost sank him. Dole had been chairman of the Republican National Committee from 1971 to 1973, and his 1974 opponent hammered at the Nixon connection (in fact, Dole and the White House had parted unamicably, Dole having criticized Nixon's carefully tucked-in coattails). But the Democrat, an obstetrician who had performed abortions, had a past of his own; the right-to-life vote helped Dole win by a hair-thin margin.

*They divorced in 1972. Three years later, Dole married Elizabeth Hanford, then a member of the Federal Trade Commission, now Secretary of Transportation.

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Two years later, some criticized Dole for sinking Gerald Ford. Probably unfairly. Dole did for the ticket what he was tapped to do—placate the Right, rally the partisans, hit 44 states in seventy days, and deliver the Grain Belt.

To no avail. For a while after the election, Dole could not bear to look at the White House while passing it. The next time around, he decided to occupy the main rooms himself. Dole's 1980 presidential campaign was short and sour. His organization never gelled; managers came and went. He polled 2 per cent of the vote in the Iowa caucuses, and 607 votes in the New Hampshire primary—well behind Phil Crane, John Connally, and Lyndon LaRouche. Dole received his compensation the morning of the first Wednesday after the first Monday, when he and every other Senate Republican awoke to the sweet dew of success. In his new bailiwick on the Senate Finance Committee, Bob Dole was due to become still better known, and much better liked.

Pundits explain his "growth" in a variety of ways—the tug of his second wife (a former Democrat and all-time liberal); his experience of pain and recovery. These speculations ignore the continuities. Dole the political stylist likes and believes in hardball politics, in which a nice attachment to principle can cause the pitcher to balk. Dole the Republican lies on the far side of the divide that was Kemp-Roth. It is easy to forget how recently we all began doodling Laffer curves on our cocktail napkins. Dole never doodled, and he now dismisses the great movement to cut tax rates as past history. "It might have worked," he recently told the *Village Voice*. "We'll never know." To their credit, "the Reagan people came along and tightened things up. I think we'll see some moderation [ah!] in the future." Finally, there is Dole the man. "He drives himself and drives others," a former speechwriter of ten years ago told me. "He's quick and he's sharp." Ambitious? "Oh God yes."

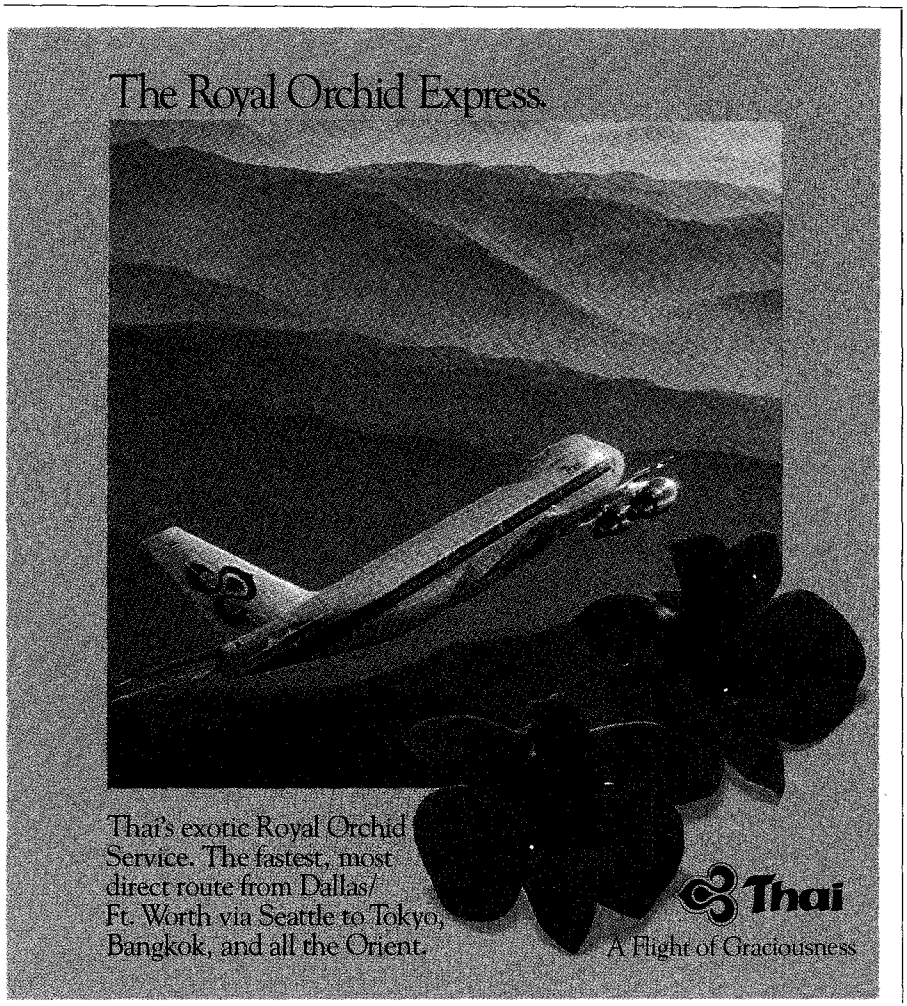
The flaws of the Dole tax bill were rehearsed at great length in these pages. Some provisions were unexceptionable: the repeal of "safe harbor" leasing (whereby ailing companies in effect sell certain kinds of tax breaks to healthy ones) eliminated a welfare program for corporate lemons. But most were odious. The taxes on airports, telephones, and cigarettes were regressive (tax equity, anyone?). Withholding income on dividends and interest extended a bad practice. The taxpayer compliance schemes, which were expected to bring in nearly 20 per cent of the total haul, add another girdle of bureaucratic paunch, and beg the question why people dive into the underground economy in the first place.

WAS IT, as Dole claims, a psychological necessity? One never knows, do one. The market did indeed rally when the bill became law. On the other hand, it blunted Reagan's rhetorical thrust. Perhaps the only clear political effect of the bill was the loss of half a dozen Republican House seats in the Carolinas and Virginia, thanks to the increased tobacco excise. That, and a considerable PR windfall for Robert Dole.

On what else can conservatives expect to be differing with him? Dole backs programs to entrap and gag realtors and assessors, more politely known as Fair Housing. If the flat tax ever becomes a live issue, he will be agin it. "Each step we take" toward a "simpler" tax system, he wrote in a recent *Wall Street Journal*, "will demand hard work to achieve a consensus," etc., etc. In other words, no. His position on protection has ambiguities. He says he is opposed to it. Yet there exists a section of the revenue act that allows the President to deny tax credits to the purchasers of capital goods produced in countries "engaged in discriminatory acts." Houdaille Industries, a maker of precision machine tools, has petitioned Reagan to invoke it against the customers of its Japanese competition. Dole supports the petition and the economic strategy, and denies that it is protectionist—only a reaction to "an illegal cartel targeted at the home front."

Even his rock-solid record on indexing shows a potential crack. "In the real world [*ah!*]," he recently told *Forbes*, "you might have to compromise in the indexing provisions or defer them."

It would be brinky if Bob Dole became President, though that is not likely. It would be sad if, as a result of being "taken seriously," he became "serious." □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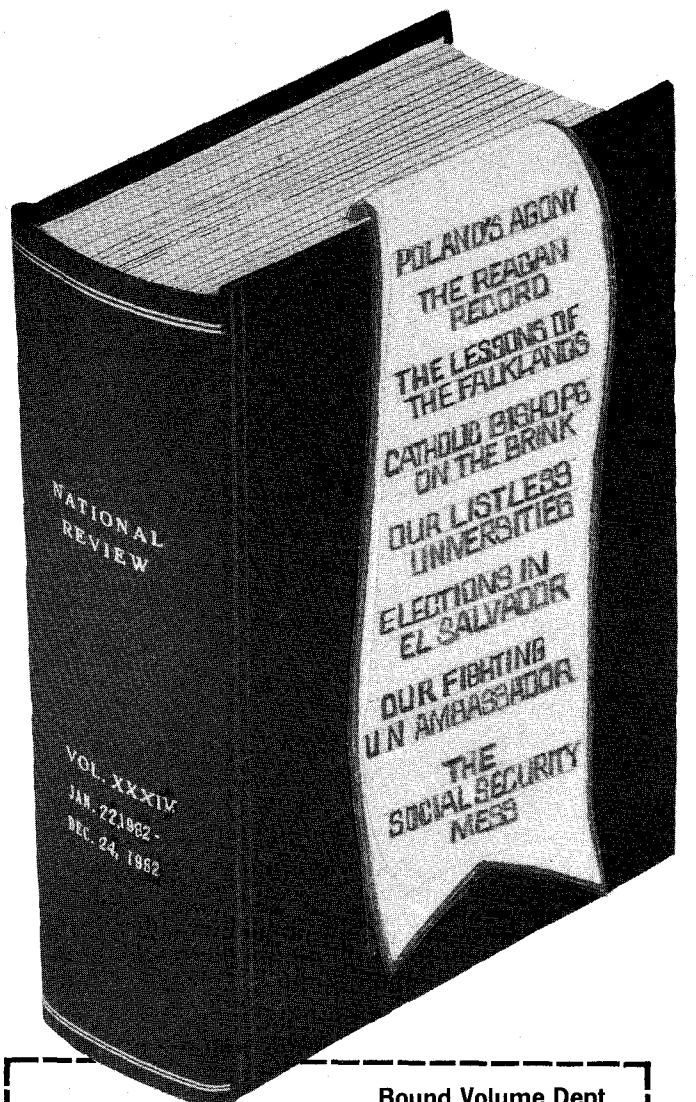

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BLACK AND WHITE

Rewriting the Script in Chicago

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

IT'S FINALLY OVER. Harold Washington has won the election, renewed his expired driver's license, and paid his income tax. Loser Bernard Epton, in a parting shot, has called reporters who brought his psychological serenity into question "idiots" and "slime" and flown off to Florida. Richard Daley's supporters tell us to wait till next time. And Jane Byrne's husband will soon have to start looking for a job.

That wasn't the way the script was supposed to have ended. A few months back, it went like this: Jane Byrne would win renomination easily. And since voting Republicans in Chicago are about as numerous as bald-headed television anchormen with squints, City Hall would have been hers for another term.

Harold Washington—whom Chicago black leaders had urged, against his better judgment, to run—would have shown the flag for his constituents, taken about a third of the primary vote, and returned with a sigh of vast relief to the U.S. Congress, where the living is infinitely more easy.

And Bernard Epton? Against Jane Byrne he would probably have polled only slightly higher than he did in the primary, taking perhaps twenty thousand votes. But his handsome family would have seen him on television (where he would have spent little time, had Richard Daley not entered the race), and his name, like John Anderson's, would be entered in some obscure record book.

A Feisty Mrs. Byrne

But then came the first major revision of the script. Richard Daley, son of Himself, decided to jump—somewhat stumble-footedly, as is his wont—into the Democratic primary. Why he did so is anyone's guess. Perhaps he did it for the same reason that Kennedys periodically run for the Presidency. Perhaps he sincerely believed, as did his most vocal supporters, that Jane Byrne was driving the city into the ground, although that was a view generally not shared by those whose passions weren't engaged. In fact, to an observer not nurtured on the rich milk of Chicago politics, which always runs boiling hot, she seemed to have done a remarkable job of keeping a number of treacherous balls in the air during her tenure in office.

But whatever the reasons, Daley's candidacy undercut hers, and on paper that's why Jane Byrne lost, period. That's not to say she didn't help beat herself, however. She did. But *how* she did is also a matter upon which no one here agrees. It may have been her gender, for one thing. Without a doubt, she is an extremely strong woman, and, like it or not, strong women tend to alienate many men—especially men who work in the media, which may be the last great redoubt of American machismo.

The city's two major newspapers, both of which strongly opposed her, attempted to couch their opposition from time to time in terms of issues, thereby seriously overtaxing the ingenuity of their editorial writers, who were also called upon to make Richard Daley sound like Winston Churchill. (Daley, it should be added, did creditably, especially for a young man whose principal campaign task seemed frequently to be to find verbs for his nouns.) But in the end the issue was Jane Byrne herself, an issue she didn't help to defuse. In fact, she made a basic political mistake. She let the issue play her.

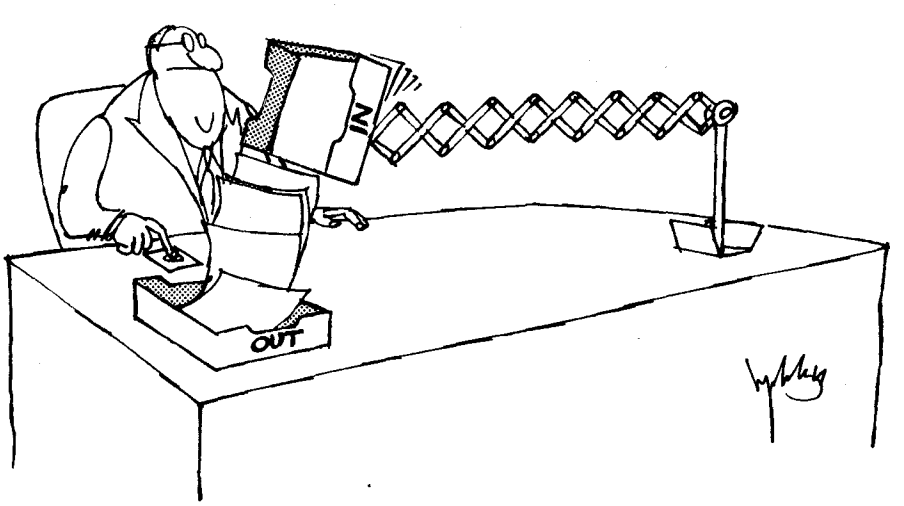
Mrs. Byrne's manner was always feisty and combative, her temperament mercurial. That is what made her enemies—especially macho enemies. But it also made her friends. In fact, that's what many of her strongest supporters liked best about her. She was Fighting Jane, Bad Jane, and she could charm you one moment and spit on your shoe the next. That's what she did to, among others, Jimmy Carter.

Now, however, she seemed to be listening more to attackers than to defenders, and she set out to change her image—first mistake. In order to do so she hired a highly visible New York media consultant—second mistake.

Since this is not an essay on cultural anthropology, I won't attempt to analyze why Chicagoans view New Yorkers as members of a totally alien race who might as well live in Rangoon. Suffice it to say that in a different sort of society, I am certain that Chicago would secede from the Union and bomb New York and Washington on general principles.

At any rate, the New York image-modifier won out. And when the time came for Mayor Byrne to debate with her opponents, she didn't go for the vitals. Instead, she seemed to be a very proper lady practicing how to drink tea with the Queen. And she lost the debates. And the primary.

Later, flirting with the idea of a write-



Mr. Coyne, a long-time contributor to NR, *lives in Chicago.*

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in, she would briefly leave Elba. But the troops failed to rally round. The issue, pure and simple, was now race, and her return from exile would be seen as an attempt to deny Washington what he had won at the polls. And that would be seen—especially by blacks—as a manifestation of racism.

Images, style, personalities—all the amorphous concerns that characterized the early stages of the race—are difficult enough to deal with. But the subject of racism is impossible. Is white racism racism but black racism something else, as liberals argue? Or is all racism racism, as conservatives might respond, just as all ice cream is ice cream? Is one positive, the other negative? How many angels dance on the head of a pin?

Epton's Record

But that isn't it at all, of course. What it finally boiled down to was a question of deeply held gut feelings, and neither of the two candidates who personified those emotions really represented much of anything beyond them.

Epton was called a liberal Republican, Washington a pragmatic Democrat. They had served together in the Illinois legislature, and their voting records, like their positions on issues, were nearly identical. In this campaign the issues were there, waiting to be discussed—among them schools, taxes, the police, housing, transit systems, Chicago's financial situation. But had they been discussed, the candidates would not really have been heard by their roaring constituents. One man was white, the other black. That was what counted. And in the end, that's how the script worked out. Epton, at best an unlikely recipient of the great outpouring of support from chanting white voters who were as likely to have seen a Republican before as to have seen a gnu, found himself winning hundreds of thousands more votes than could ever have been predicted at the outset. And Washington, with his highly mobilized base of black support, took just enough white liberal votes to make the difference.

It was an enervating campaign, especially for those Chicagoans who complained—in many cases justifiably so—about the coverage the national media gave their city. It makes the hackles rise when reporters based in places like New York with its appalling slums come to Chicago to write about what they call the nation's most segregated and racist city. It isn't. Chicago boasts one of the oldest, best educated, and most successful black communities in the United States, and many of us have never lived in a major American city with better race relations. And in the end, it may be that the awareness and commitment of the black community here points to a new direction in national politics.

Washington's Coalition

The implications of this election are still being sorted out, and the entrails seem to contain something for everyone. For Republicans, and especially for the Reagan Administration, Epton, with his anti-Reagan rhetoric and his anachronistic liberal positions, would have been an embarrassment in office. However, his strong showing demonstrated that even with a weak and quirky candidate, Republicans have a chance to mobilize big-city ethnic voters.

For Democrats, the picture is a bit more murky, if for no other reason than that they're going to have to scramble to catch up. In the meantime, though, the people who put Washington in office have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt what an informed and mobilized black constituency working with white liberals who have nowhere to go can accomplish. Surely, what happened in Chicago sends a message to every black community in the country. Add to that a vocal peace movement and refugees from campaigns past who used to stick anti-grape posters on their Volkswagen buses, and you've got the makings of a potent political force.

It may never become powerful enough to elect a President, although there are a lot of would-be national leaders like Jesse Jackson who hope it does. But it could be powerful enough to stir up a considerable fuss across the nation. Many people out there today are trying to come up with new political scripts. And the scenario written here in Chicago might just serve as a model for extensive revision. □

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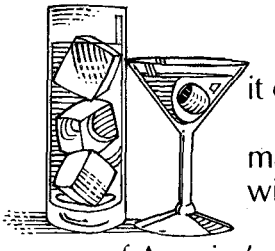

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Comments ON 'MORAL CLARITY IN THE NUCLEAR AGE'

I read with keen interest Michael Novak's essay, "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age" [April 1]. Unfortunately, I found it very seriously flawed in its moral analysis of deterrence.

Novak properly reaffirms the key principles of the just-war doctrine, among them the principle demanding that the means used in waging war must themselves be just. One can never rightly resist an aggressor or rightly protect human goods by choosing a means that is immoral. And it is absolutely immoral to choose to kill innocent persons, innocent in the technical sense that they are noncombatants.

Yet when Novak comes to discuss the "paradox" of deterrence he accepts as morally justifiable a *specific* kind of deterrent. The deterrent he accepts includes the willingness, albeit a conditioned willingness (what Novak terms a "secondary intention"), to attack the "values" and not simply the "forces" of the aggressor. He claims that the "fundamental moral intention in nuclear deterrence is never to have to use the deterrent force," and I have no problem with *this* intent; but he goes on to admit that for the specific deterrent he accepts to "work," those employing it must have a willingness—the "secondary intention"—to *use* it and admittedly to use it against the "values" and not merely the "forces" of the aggressing nation. This means, as I understand it, that Novak is willing to direct lethal force against innocent persons.

Novak wants to keep damage to the "values" of the aggressing nation within the "narrowest feasible limits." Nonetheless, innocent lives are held hostage by the deterrent, and killing these lives is precisely what is intended, "secondarily" but definitely "directly."

I am by no means a pacifist. I regard it as a moral obligation to do what one can *morally* do to defend human life and liberty from totalitarian threats. Moreover, to deter a potential aggressor is justifiable. But Novak's essay appeals to a specious, consequentialistic principle, namely, that we are to choose an alternative that promises "the fewest evil consequences." It is precisely this sort of thinking, in my opinion, that lies at the heart of the Soviet ideology, utilizing, perhaps, different bases for assessing the consequences.

William E. May
Associate Professor of Moral Theology
Catholic University
Washington, D.C.

Clearly, the central issue that must be resolved is whether there are any absolutely innocent citizens whose deaths are directly "willed" by applying the sanction of countervalue.

In other words, are all those "noncombatants in urban areas" absolutely innocent of the misdeeds of their government? That many people might be personally innocent as individuals I would not dispute. But are they socially innocent, even in a totalitarian society?

Now, a cornerstone of the Catholic perspective is that each human being has both an individual and a social dimension. Too many theologians have been willing to ignore the aspect of mankind's social responsibility as it applies to the mounting horrors of modern warfare.

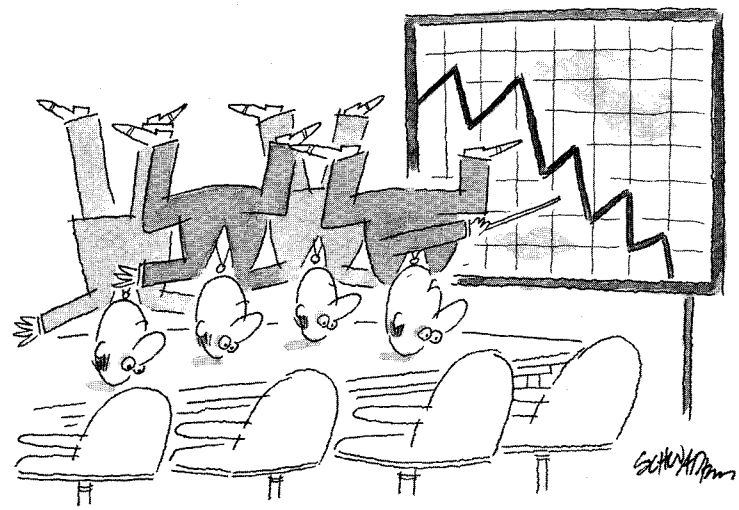
Scripture provides an instructive lesson here from the seventh chapter of Joshua, which describes how the entire Israelite community was held accountable for the misdeed of one person. How much more accountable are all those whose efforts contribute in fact to the existence and hence to the misdeeds of a society?

James J. Harris
San Diego, Calif.

Please, don't be so smug about the fact that nuclear deterrence is morally acceptable because it works. It could take a half-hour some dark night for that myth to be exploded.

Archie A. Salerno
Florham Park, N.J.

Your issue on Moral Clarity was most timely. I had just read the second draft of the pastoral letter, and listened to an explanation by one of the architects, Bishop Gumbleton of Detroit. I was totally dismayed by his reference to our nuclear arsenal, a history of the destruc-



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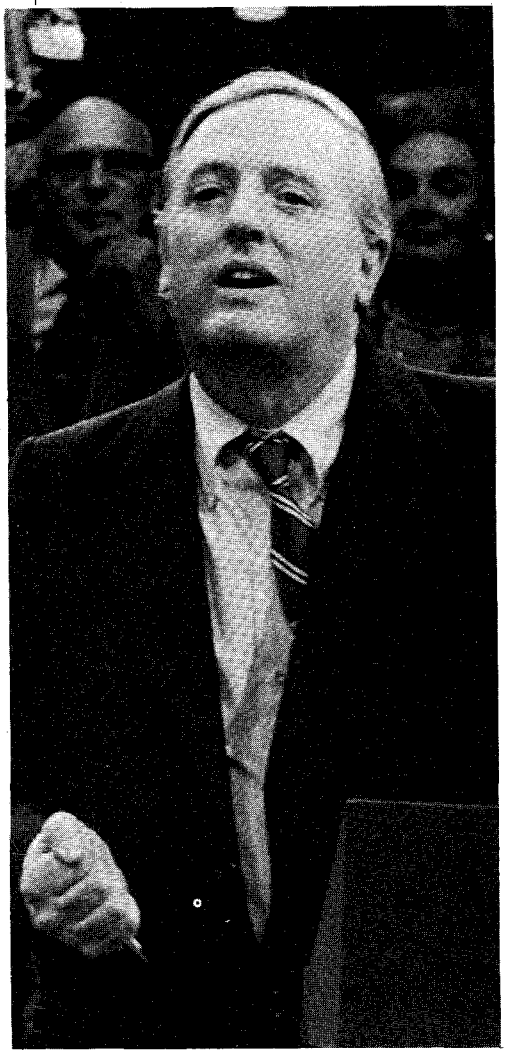

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tion we wrought in WW II, our derelictions in the UN, plus references to the oppressive regimes of South Africa and Central America, yet nary a word, not one, in criticism of the past or present rulers in the Kremlin, their oppression or their genocide.

Maurice E. Connor
Aptos, Calif.

Thank you very much for publishing Michael Novak's brilliant presentation about nuclear arms.

The lay Catholic thinkers in this country are the salvation of the Church. American bishops are not bright people. They surely do not represent the thinking of the American Catholics. They are cut off from the people and surround themselves with liberals who tell them what to say. The chancery is the only liberal place in a Catholic diocese. The people and priests are conservative. Bishops think they are trail-blazers, but are, indeed, out of touch.

The Church is the last stronghold of aristocracy. Bishops in the Middle Ages took on the trappings and authority of the lords, and they have never given them up. No one disagrees with a bishop and lasts long.

For obvious reasons (I am a parish priest) please do not use my name in your magazine. It would be very unhealthy for me if you did so.

Name withheld

We aren't ethically free to commit planetary suicide, because we don't belong to ourselves. God created the universe, and life after several billion years of development, and human life by evolution, in order to have a people to be in love with. If we commit genosuicide, it would be as if Jesus had jumped from the pinnacle of the Temple to force God to save Him. Our place is to wait for God to wind up this world-order when and as He chooses, which may or may not happen in our lifetime. While we wait, our duty is to avoid using instruments that have a serious possibility of ending life on earth.

Robert Powell
El Paso, Tex.

It is a mistake to equate Christian pacifism with submissiveness. The crucial distinction is rather that as Christians we have been equipped with better weapons with which to overcome evil (see II Cor. 10:3-5 and Eph. 6:12). In this sense the term pacifism is a misnomer, since there is indeed a warfare and we are called to the effective use of this superior weaponry.

In addition, the scripturally documented intention of Christ to return for a perfected Church gives us confidence in our ultimate ability to achieve both survival and perfection. If we diligently pursue His ways, the necessity for a military will continue only so long as the Church and nation fail to grasp this aspect of spiritual maturity.

Robert A. Freeman
Durango, Colo.

The American Catholic bishops need not worry about Michael Novak's paper. My only regret is that I fell for the advertisements heralding the article and, for the first time in my life, actually bought a copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. But you are no worse than your rival, *The New Republic*, for also printing a magazine-long irrelevance on nuclear issues a short time ago.

Homer A. Jack
Secretary-General, World Conference on Religion and Peace
New York, N.Y.

There is much sense in Michael Novak's essay. There is also a serious error, which is Mr. Novak's argument for the morality of counterforce. In this matter he has too much moral clarity and not enough strategic clarity. Counterforce does indeed give the impression of something cleaner; no values seem to be violated if a missile kills a missile. Unfortunately this is an illusion. What tells about the real nature of counterforce is not the design of the weapon but the targeting doctrine. As long as the targeting doctrine of the United States calls for strikes against Soviet centers of control, command, and communication, against Soviet military installations in or near civilian centers, and against Soviet industrial centers, the consequences of our strategy will be countervalue, even if the weapons used are counterforce. Innocent lives will be indiscriminately lost. The proportionality criterion for a just war will not be met. We will not have left mutual assured destruction, though a nuclear exchange may have begun in part because we believed that we had.

The defense of deterrence does not require the defense of counterforce. "Decapitation," as the Pentagon calls its strategy for nuclear use, does not deserve moral prestige. Mutual assured destruction, as Mr. Novak observes, does. In this postlapsarian nuclear world we should leave bad enough alone.

Leon Wieseltier
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

Despite the many excellent qualities of your special issue on "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age," the essay's impact is somewhat weakened by some important factual omissions.

For example, the author refers to the "McNamara freeze," in which the United States stopped deploying new ICBMs and strategic bombers. While this policy did give the Soviets considerable breathing space, we weren't standing still ourselves. Since then, we've MIRVed our missiles and substantially increased their accuracy, and equipped our old bombers with cruise missiles. We have far more strategic warheads today than in 1968.

It is true that our restraint has met with no corresponding restraint in the USSR, but we hardly spent the last decade and a half disarming.

Mr. Novak could have made a much stronger case by pointing out that in 1969 the United States announced a total unilateral freeze on the production of chemical weapons. The Soviets responded by building up their chemical arsenal to unprecedented levels.

The essay goes on to argue that the United States is not seeking to attain a first-strike capability against the Russians. I don't believe a word of it. No mention is made of the fact that by 1989 we will begin deployment of a new generation of submarine-launched missiles as accurate as the proposed MX. When this is accomplished, we will have achieved precisely what Mr. Novak says we aren't trying to achieve.

Of course, as the essay points out, the Soviets already have such a capacity. And it isn't certain that obtaining smaller, more accurate warheads is a bad thing from a moral perspective. Still, the essay would have benefited greatly from a more accurate and comprehensive statement of the facts.

Hiawatha Bray
Chicago, Ill.

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The Protectionist Illusion

The stagnating economy makes protectionism an ever more seductive temptress.

With millions of Americans out of work, pressures are mounting to restrict imports in hard-hit industries. The longer the economic slump, the stronger the sentiment to protect American products and the jobs of people who make them by erecting barriers to the flow of goods into the U.S. from abroad.

All nations, of course, want good economic times and high employment for their own people. To one degree or another, all countries are protectionist. The United States is less so than most. Since the end of World War II, we've been opening our borders and vast internal markets to other countries' wares. In turn, products made in America have found acceptance around the world, generating jobs here at home.

Protectionist fever was rampant in the 1930s. The results were calamitous: sky-high tariffs on imports, retaliatory measures by other countries, trade warfare, unemployment — depression.

Now the protectionist peril is welling up anew. Forces at work in the U.S. and other countries are undermining the international trading system that has evolved over the post-war decades and stimulated economic growth in most parts of the world.

Governments beset by economic troubles, especially unemployment, find themselves increasingly prodded to embrace such measures as import restrictions, trade quotas, and export subsidies. Politically, such measures may have appeal. Economically, they promise only disaster — a deepening of the world's economic ills, more people out of work, perhaps another outbreak of trade warfare like that of the Great Depression.

From the lessons of the past, it's clear that protectionist remedies are an illusion. They don't work. They are self-defeating, wiping out more jobs than they preserve. While some jobs may be saved in a protected industry, others are lost elsewhere in the economy.

Retreat from free trade lessens competition, deprives consumers of a full choice of products, drives up prices, and stokes inflation. Producers protected from competition lose their incentive to invest, improve, modernize, expand, compete — create more jobs.

Nations and people everywhere are better off with a trade system that's free and fair. As a principal economic power, the U.S. should lead the way to greater cooperation and openness in commerce as the best hope for economic health among all nations.

Let's not choke off imports. Let's expand exports.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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Homage to Orwell

ROBERT C. de CAMARA

First of all, a message to English left-wing journalists and intellectuals generally: "Do remember that dishonesty and cowardice always have to be paid for. Don't imagine that for years on end you can make yourself the boot-licking propagandist of the Soviet regime, or any other regime, and then suddenly return to mental decency. Once a whore, always a whore." —*George Orwell, "As I Please"*

GEORGE ORWELL'S writings have a peculiar effect on one well-defined segment of the population: they induce mass dyslexia. Learned professors trailing whole alphabets after their names, literati perched high up the mastheads of progressive fortnightlies, novelists with numerous public brawls and infidelities to their credit—when confronted with a book or essay by Orwell, their minds produce weird distortions, or simply refuse to function at all. This malady is all the more mystifying because Orwell's technical ideal was "windowpane" prose, and mostly he achieved it. Lucidity of style, though, has not kept certain critics (see epigraph) from believing, or pretending to believe, that when he says black he means white or, more to the point, that when he thunders against the Left, the Right should tremble and quake. Consider two cases:

It doesn't require very keen intelligence to see that *Animal Farm* is a fable about the Bolshevik uprising. Orwell himself confirmed the obvious in a preface to the book. That did not stop another preface writer for a new edition a few years later from declaring, without a trace of embarrassment, that while some people (the author among them) "may have convinced themselves" that that is the subject, the satire is actually about a "system . . . capable of producing and using atomic bombs." At the time only one nation, the United States, had "used" an atomic bomb.

The political party in *1984* is called "Ingsoc," a Newspeak contraction of "English socialism." The character Goldstein, a Trotsky figure whose excerpted treatise, which reads a lot like an Orwell essay, fills the middle part of the volume (thus incidentally destroying its unity), observes about the party: "Ingsoc, which grew out of the earlier socialist movement and inherited its phraseology, has in fact carried out the main item in the socialist program, with the result, foreseen and intended beforehand, that economic inequality has been made permanent." You would gather, then, that the novel has at least something to do with socialism and you would, of course, be right but, sad to say, missing the crucial point. With evident regret, Erich Fromm admonishes us in an afterword that "It would be most unfortunate if the reader smugly interpreted *1984* as another description of Stalinist barbarism, and if he does not see that it means us, too." You too, America! (You especially, America?)

ANY ATTEMPT to get at the real Orwell has to begin with his ambivalence about socialism. He ranked two values, freedom and equality, above all the rest. His dilemma was how to unite them in a single coherent politico-economic system. Capitalism is inherently unfair, he thought, but he grew ever more doubtful that freedom and socialism could coexist. *1984* is his last and best-known voicing of that doubt. But as early as 1941 in a BBC talk he was grappling with the problem:

> When one mentions totalitarianism one thinks immediately of Germany, Russia, Italy, but I think one must face the risk that this phenomenon is going to be world-wide. It is obvious that the period of free capitalism is coming to an end and that one country after another is adopting a centralized economy that one can call socialism or state capitalism according as one prefers. With that, the economic liberty of the individual, and to a great extent his liberty to do what he likes, to choose his own work, to move to and fro across the surface of the earth, comes to an end. Now, till recently the implications of this were not foreseen. It was never fully realized that the disappearance of economic liberty would have any effect on intellectual liberty. Socialism was usually thought of as a sort of moralized liberalism. The state would take charge of your economic life and set you free from the fear of poverty, unemployment, and so forth, but it would have no need to interfere with your private intellectual life. . . . Now,

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on the existing evidence, one must admit that these ideas have been falsified.

The Road to Wigan Pier shows the push-pull nature of Orwell's feelings about socialism. The first part of the book is brilliant reporting of the squalid conditions prevailing among miners and mill girls in the industrial North of England during the Depression. It is graphic, moving, and altogether the finest propaganda (in a positive sense) ever done on behalf of socialism (and intended as such).

The second part of the book is an often hilarious attack on socialists, "all that dreary tribe of high-minded women and sandal-wearers and bearded fruit-juice drinkers who come flocking toward the smell of 'progress' like bluebottles to a dead cat."

> The underlying motive of many socialists, I believe, is simply a hypertrophied sense of order. The present state of affairs offends them not because it causes misery . . . but because it is untidy. . . . The truth is that to many people calling themselves socialists, revolution does not mean a movement of the masses with which they hope to associate themselves; it means a set of reforms which "we," the clever ones, are going to impose upon "them," the Lower Orders.

Wigan Pier also contains the splendid description of Soviet commissars as "half-gramophones, half-gangsters," an impudent remark for a young writer in an era when many of the literary lions, Stalin's tabbies, were making their pilgrimages to Moscow for a worshipful glimpse of the future.

It is correct to assume, then, that Orwell was not smitten by Communism: "I am not a Marxist, and I don't hold with all this stuff that boils down to saying, 'Anything is right which advances the cause of the Party,' " he wrote to a friend. Ever the nonconformist, he did join a small Trotskyist party in the late Thirties but quit after a year rather than submit to orthodoxy.

GEORGE ORWELL was born Eric Blair in India in 1903, the son of "lower-upper-middle class" parents (his calibration). At the age of eight he was accepted as a lowly scholarship boy at St. Cyprian's in England, a snobbish preparatory school, where he was made to feel his inferior status in every way. In front of the other boys he was regularly treated to a humiliating duet of "You are living on my bounty!" (the headmaster) and "After all we've done for you" (the headmaster's whiny consort). One passage from "Such, Such Were the Joys," a childhood memoir, imparts the atmosphere:

> "You going to Scotland this hols?"
> "Rather! We go every year."
> "My pater's got three miles of river."
> "My pater's giving me a new gun for the 12th. There's jolly good black game where we go. Get out, Smith! What are you listening for? You've never been in Scotland."

His school experiences started Orwell on the road to socialism or, more accurately, kindled his lifelong sympathy for the underclass, which was the true foundation of his egalitarian politics. Eton, five years in Burma as a police officer kicking the wogs into line for the Empire, and a period aptly summed up in the title of his first published book, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, finished the job.

With *Wigan Pier* behind him, Orwell journeyed to Spain to fight in the Civil War on the side of the Left. Serving at the front, he was shot through the throat and astonished the doctors by not dying. He came away from the war with a temporary impairment of the vocal cords—his speech was a croak for months after—and a permanent loathing for Communism and every brand of totalitarianism. "You cannot conceive the awfulness of the things that are happening in Spain," he told a correspondent. "It is a real reign of terror, Fascism being imposed [by the Communists] under the pretense of resisting Fascism."

So he arrived, some decades ahead of the percipient Miss Sontag, at the equation: "Communism equals Fascism," a corollary of which is: "Fascism is socialistic." As Orwell wrote in a 1938 book review: "National Socialism *is* a form of socialism, *is* emphatically revolutionary, *does* crush the property owner just as surely as it crushes the worker."

Obviously Orwell was not content to be a passive observer of his turbulent times. He wrote about what he knew from the inside: from combat in Spain and from life with the miners and "amongst the poor and half-criminal elements who inhabit the worst parts of the poorer quarters." Until late in his career his numerous books and articles brought him only a meager income. This gave him a different perspective from that of other, privileged intellectuals who condescended to champion the proletariat. From "Inside the Whale":

> It is the same pattern all the time; public school, university, a few trips abroad, then London. Hunger, hardship, solitude, exile, war, prison, persecution, manual labor—hardly even words. No won-

RANDOM NOTES

■ MAY TITLES: *The Last Lion: Winston Spencer Churchill: Visions of Glory: 1874-1932* (Little, Brown, $25), by William Manchester, covers the first 58 years of its subject's life—up to Lady Astor's assessment that as a politician he was "finished."

In Bruce Nussbaum's *The World after Oil: The Shifting Axis of Power and Wealth* (Simon & Schuster, $15.95) we read that "For the first time in three hundred years, the political and economic axis of the world is shifting . . . to the Pacific Basin, changing not only the international balance of power . . . but also the intimate details of our personal life." Nussbaum, foreign-news editor of *Business Week*, foresees the decline of the OPEC countries and Europe, and expects little of the USSR and the Third World; but he believes Silicon Valley will bring the U.S. into a position of shared economic dominance with Japan. . . . *The Next Economy* (Holt, Rinehart, $14.50), by Paul Hawken, founder of the natural-foods company Erewhon, predicts an end to the "mass economy," which he believes will be replaced by mini-economies ("the next economy") as a result of such factors as high energy costs and conservationism; barter; and the home computer. . . . Luigi Barzini's *The Europeans* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95) indicts the Western European nations for their failure to unite in resistance to the threat from the East—a failure deeply rooted in history. Barzini thinks that West Germany and France will prove to be the main forces for European stability and security.

Hammett: A Life at the Edge (Congdon & Weed, $14.95), by William F. Nolan, looks to be an interesting biography of the socialist (not to use the stronger epithet) crime novelist who asked to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery. . . . Heywood Hale Broun's *Whose Little Boy Are You?: A Memoir of the Broun Family* (St. Martin's, $14.95) is a well-written book by the son of Heywood Broun, the journalist, and Ruth Hale, a feminist ahead of her time. —CW

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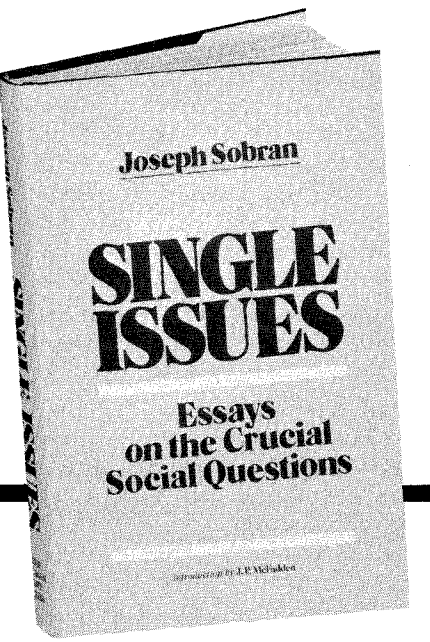

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der that the huge tribe known as "the right left people" found it so easy to condone the purge-and-Ogpu side of the Russian regime and the horrors of the First Five-Year Plan. They were so gloriously incapable of understanding what it all meant.

Between Spain and the outbreak of World War II, Orwell was redder-than-thou. The Communists were not *too* revolutionary; they were *anti*-revolutionary. (On the other hand, the Nazis were revolutionary in the wrong way.) He deplored those socialists who at "the first real threat [Hitler] to British interests" had turned into "jingoes." British rule in India was "just as bad as German Fascism." As late as July 1939 he thought the defeat of Hitler, if it could be accomplished, would only "bolster up a far vaster injustice."

A FEW MONTHS later he was singing a different tune: "God Save the King" (never, though, "Rule, Britannia"). When it counted, with the Goths at the gates, the leftist swaggering stopped. Now he could write, in a complete about-face, that "The intellectuals who are at present pointing out that democracy and Fascism are the same thing etc [*sic*] depress me horribly." From "The Lion and the Unicorn":

> They will start by refusing to admit that British capitalism is evolving into something different, or that the defeat of Hitler can mean any more than a victory for the British and American millionaires. And from that they will proceed to argue that, after all, democracy is "just the same as" or "just as bad as" totalitarianism. There is not much freedom of speech in England; therefore there is no more than exists in Germany. To be on the dole is a horrible experience; therefore it is no worse to be in the torture chambers of the Gestapo. In general, two blacks make a white, half a loaf is the same as no bread.

He had no patience with pacifists, either the sincere, muddled type who wished "to overcome Hitler with love" or a more sinister species. As to the former, "Any government which refused to use violence in its own defense would cease almost immediately to exist, because it could be overthrown by any body of men, or even any individual, that was less scrupulous." As to the latter:

> Pacifist propaganda usually boils down to saying that one side is as bad as the other, but if one looks closely at the writings of the younger intellectual pacifists, one finds that they do not by any means express impartial disapproval. . . . They do not as a rule condemn violence as such, but only violence used in defense of the Western countries.

It should be clear by now that Orwell was not too tender in his handling of errant comrades, i.e., fellow leftists who strayed from the path of honesty. Not that top-hats escaped his wrath. "The Lion and the Unicorn," in particular, is a merciless flaying of "fat women in Rolls-Royce cars" and the rest of plutocracy's stock cast. But he heaped the hottest coals on ne'er-do-wells in his own intellectual-socialist fraternity.

> It is a strange fact, but it is unquestionably true, that almost any English intellectual would feel more ashamed of standing to attention during "God Save the King" than of stealing from a poor box. All through the critical years many left-wingers were chipping away at English morale, trying to spread an outlook that was sometimes squashily pacifist, sometimes violently pro-Russian, but always anti-British. It is questionable how much effect this had, but it certainly had some. If the English people suffered for several years a real weakening of morale, so that the Fascist nations judged that they were "decadent" and that it was safe to plunge into war, the intellectual sabotage from the Left was partly responsible.

W. H. Auden (surely one of the people Orwell had in mind when he blistered "Nancy poets" and "the pansy Left") earned a sharp rebuke for penning a line about "necessary murder" in a poem on revolution:

> The second stanza is intended as a sort of thumbnail sketch of a day in the life of a "good party man." In the morning a couple of political murders, a ten-minutes' interlude to stifle "bourgeois" remorse, and then a hurried luncheon and a busy afternoon and evening chalking walls and distributing leaflets. All very edifying. But notice the phrase "necessary murder." It could only be written by a person to whom murder is at most a *word*. . . . Mr. Auden's brand of amoralism is only possible if you are the kind of person who is always somewhere else when the trigger is pulled. So much of left-wing thought is a kind of playing with fire by people who don't even know that fire is hot.

Orwell delighted in drawing mustaches on leftism's holiest icons. Since the Left's religion hasn't altered much in the last fifty years, his irreverent jottings are well worth reverting to:

> Among the intelligentsia, color feeling only occurs in the transposed form, that is, as a belief in the innate superiority of the colored races. . . . Almost any English intellectual would be scandalized by the claim that the white races are superior to the colored, whereas the opposite claim would seem to him unexceptionable even if he disagreed with it.

> Even if we squeeze the rich out of existence, the mass of the people must either consume less or produce more. . . . It is far safer to evade the issue and pretend that we can put everything right by redistributing the existing national income. . . . Actually, the problem for the world as a whole is not how to distribute such wealth as exists but how to increase production, without which economic equality merely means common misery.

GEORGE ORWELL

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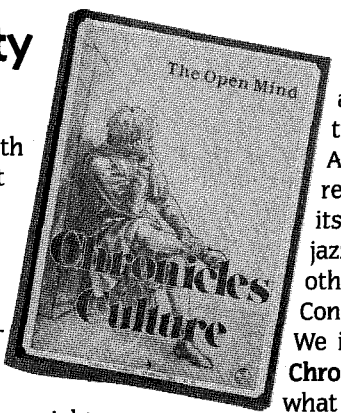

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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Obviously it is democratic for everyone to go to the same schools, or at least start off there, but when you see what the elementary schools are like, and the results, you feel that any child that has the chance should be rescued from them. It is quite easy, for instance, to leave those schools at 14 without having learned to read.

These people have a regular technique of smears and ridicule—a whole specialized vocabulary designed to show that anyone who will not repeat the accepted catchwords is a rather laughable kind of lunatic. . . . The upshot is that if from time to time you express a mild distaste for slave-labor camps or one-candidate elections, you are either insane or actuated by the worst motives. In the same way, when Henry Wallace is asked by a newspaper interviewer why he issues falsified versions of his speeches to the press, he replies: "So you are one of these people who are clamoring for war with Russia?"

To be anti-American nowadays is to shout with the mob. . . . To speak favorably of America, to recall that the Americans helped us in 1940 when the Russians were supplying the Germans with oil and setting on their Communist parties to sabotage the war effort, is to be branded as a "reactionary." . . . I don't, God knows, want a war to break out, but if one were compelled to choose between Russia and America—and I suppose that is the choice one might have to make—I would always choose America.

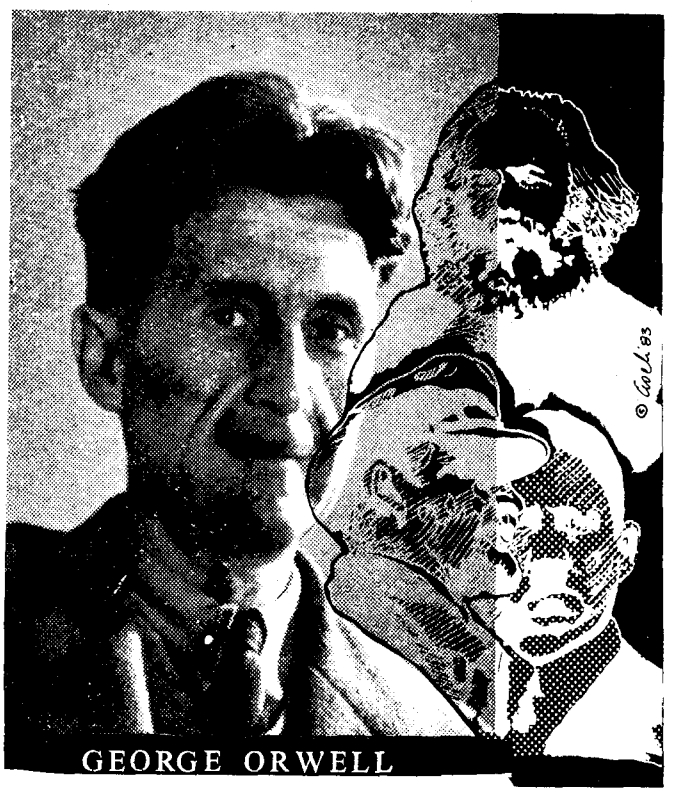
The part about schools is interesting. In 1941 Orwell had put forward his own six-point socialist program, which included all the staples (nationalization of industry, leveling of incomes, etc., as well as the abolition of schools like St. Cyprian's—"festering centers of snobbery"). It's a measure of how much his opinion had changed that shortly before he died, he was pondering enrolling his adopted son Richard in Westminster. ("They have abandoned their top hats, I learn.")

THERE WAS a second internal conflict rocking Orwell, besides his duality about socialism. His dialectic of history pitted the revolutionary against the moralist, two incompatible types in his view, with now one, now the other gaining the ascendancy: "Marx exploded a hundred tons of dynamite beneath the moralist position, and we are still living in the echo of that tremendous crash. But already, somewhere or other, the sappers are at work and fresh dynamite is being stamped [*sic*] in place to blow Marx at the moon."

To an unusual degree, however, Orwell combined the personalities of revolutionary and moralist within himself. His essay on Charles Dickens, from which the above quotation was taken, illuminates this aspect of his nature. Dickens, Orwell wrote, took the essentially conservative political position—the moralist's position—that the-world-would-be-a-better-place-if-people-would-only-behave-more-decently. Dickens saw the defects of England's institutions but sought to mend, not overthrow, them. In other words, he was—shudder—a reformer! (A "bourgeois meliorist," in the socialist cant Orwell hated so much.) And yet . . . Orwell muses that there might after all be quite a lot to be said in favor of the Dickens prescription. ("It is not at all certain that a merely moral criticism of society may not be just as 'revolutionary' " as the Marxian brand.)

In a letter written about the time of the Dickens essay, he reveals more of his moralist leanings:

The thing that frightens me about the modern intelligentsia is their inability to see that human society must be based on common decency, whatever the political and economic forms may be. . . . All we have done is to advance to a point at which we *could* make a real improvement in human life, but we shan't do it without the recognition that common decency is necessary. My chief hope for the future is that the common people have never parted company with their moral code. I have never met a genuine workingman who accepted Marxism, for instance.



And from *Wigan Pier*: "It seemed to me then—it sometimes seems to me now, for that matter—that economic injustice will stop the moment we want it to stop and no sooner, and if we genuinely want it to stop the method adopted hardly matters." He feared that his preferred method was even then undergoing a transmogrification into something alien and menacing: "Socialism, until recently, was supposed to connote political democracy, social equality, and internationalism. There is not the smallest sign that any of these things is in a way to being established anywhere." As for places like Sweden, "I have never been able to like these model countries with everything up-to-date and hygienic and an enormous suicide rate."

In the early Forties, in the last decade of his brief life, Orwell was hugely affected by the core idea of James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution*, which grew in his mind and found final expression in *1984*, his last major work. (The novel was published in 1949, a year before his death, from tuberculosis, at the age of 46.) The two books are nearly parallel in their vision, the one being an imaginative treatment of the other.

It was a profoundly pessimistic vision: Socialism is coming, all right, but it will have nothing to do with the old liberal egalitarian scheme. The chief feature will be central control, of everything, locking the world in a despotic grip forever. (Or for a very long time. The slave empires of old lasted for centuries.) Of these new empires there will be perhaps three, growing out of the existing post-World War II power blocs, constantly clashing at the peripheries, each

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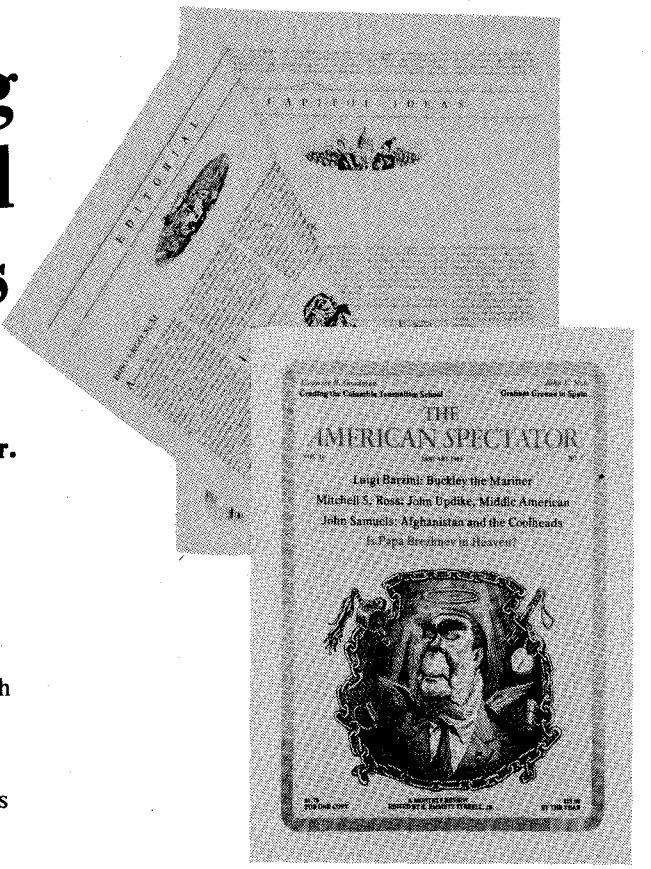
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of them unconquerable. The new rulers will, for a time, keep up the old rhetoric and pretenses of liberal socialism, but will discard them when they have served their purpose. Big Brother will have won.

A nightmare tale, more warning than prophecy. Even allowing for the fact that life is never so neat as theory, even theory dressed up like life, *1984* seems far more distant than next year. But another, older, more elemental battle still rages: the battle between Ormazd and Ahriman, God and Satan, or, simply, Good and Evil.

The forces of darkness have huge armies, a bigger and better arsenal, liberation movements, and the whores' allegiance. The forces of light have Orwell on their side and draw strength from it. □

FILM

GRATING COMEDY

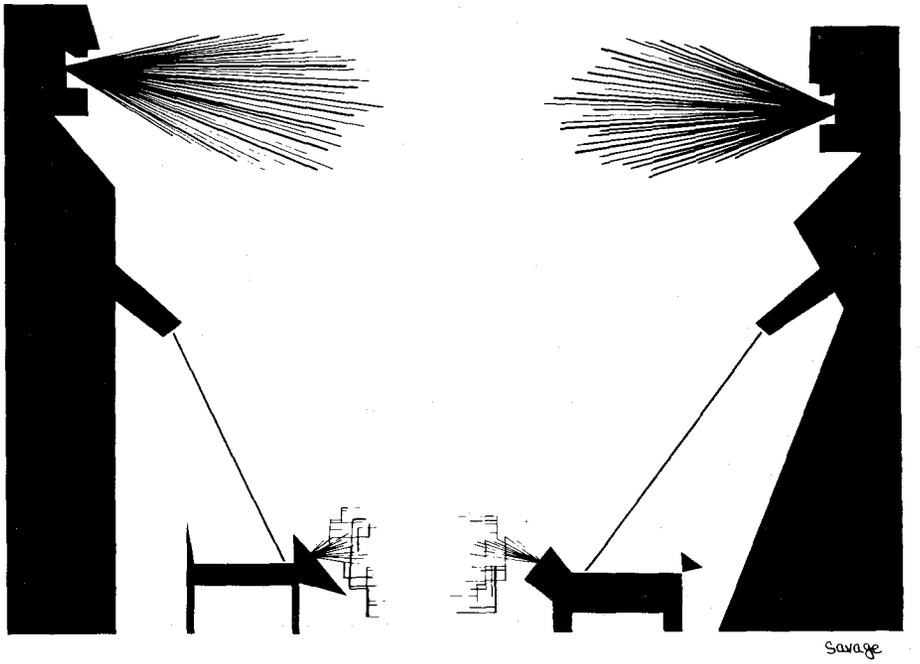
JOHN SIMON

Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy* is on to something important, if only its aim were clearer and its movement more sure-footed. Rupert Pupkin (Robert De Niro) is a 34-year-old messenger boy who desperately wants to be a comedian. Downstairs in his mother's apartment, where he lives, he has created a mockup of the *Jerry Langford* (read: *Johnny Carson*) *Show*, where, between life-size cutouts of Liza Minnelli and his hero and model, Jerry Langford (Jerry Lewis), he practices his comic routines and talk-show blather. By helping Jerry out of the mauling clutches of rabid fans one night, then insinuating himself into the star's limousine, Rupert starts what he takes for a professional and personal relationship, and Langford for a mere *mauvais quart d'heure*. Not meaning it, Jerry asks for samples of Rupert's work; presently Pupkin is hanging around the Langford office's waiting room, sending in tapes, sticking around some more for results, and getting ever firmer, less polite, brush-offs from the staff.

Pupkin pursues his quarry—and his own goals—with the ineluctable doggedness that is an amalgam of uncritical self-esteem, total insensitivity to rebuffs, and a low-grade savvy that partakes less of intelligence than of marathon stupidity. With Rita, a girl he loved from afar in high school and who now works as a bartender, he goes for a weekend to Jerry's Long Island mansion, pretending to his date that he was invited. Thrown out conclusively, he plots, with someone even crazier than he is—Masha, a rich, weird-looking Langford worshipper and stage-door Johnny—the kidnapping of their common idol. It works, and Rupert demands as ransom a ten-minute monologue in the first segment of the *Langford Show*. And Masha? She tries bizarrely to seduce Jerry, whom they have taped as completely as a mummy into a chair in her absent parents' Park Avenue town house. By a series of comic-sinister, clumsy-shrewd maneuvers, Rupert gets on the show, is a smash hit with his fairly awful monologue, goes to jail (a six-year term, of which he serves less than half), and comes out to become the dreamed-of King of Comedy. Jerry escapes from Masha, who pursues him through the Upper East Side in bra and panties like some ghastly Maid-enform Girl; Rupert isn't shown winning Rita, either; but, with his new celebrity, he ought to do all right.

The film, with a script by Paul D. Zimmerman, a former *Newsweek* film critic, is unsure of what it wants to do. Obviously, it attacks the power of the obscure and benighted, if not demented, over the stars they worship, emulate, and tyrannize in the attempt to become stars themselves. But Scorsese and Zimmerman seem uncertain in their attitude toward the Ruperts and Mashas of this world. Are they monstrously aberrant, or fairly typical, or even emblematic of universal stupidity and madness? Are we to shudder at them first in comic, then in real, horror, or are we to pity them for the perfunctorily thrown-in but undeniable implications of parental bullying or neglect they have suffered? Yet though there is a pathetic strain traversing Rupert's insuperable cockiness (he can sincerely deny his manifest ejection from a building to an eyewitness), and though there is a woefully lonely, infatuated girl in the homely and derangedly violent Masha, these characters lack the variety of detail to make us accept their contradictions as part of human complexity; rather, they remain grotesque caricatures (well-drawn, to be sure) on which we are jarringly asked to expend full-bodied compassion.

Still, these caricatures talk a good game. "Didn't anyone ever tell you you are a moron?" the exasperated Jerry blurts out in his country house as the butler is about to call the police and the apologetic Rita is summoning Rupert away, but the impermeable pest still re-



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fuses to leave. "I can take a hint," he finally concedes without budging, and adds, "So I made a mistake." "So did Hitler," snaps Jerry. Whereupon Rupert, with much-delayed hurt dignity: "So this is the way you guys are when you reach the top. . . . I'll work fifty times harder, and I'll be fifty times more funny than you." To which Jerry: "Then *you'll* have idiots like you plaguing your life." This dialogue has the proper ludicrousness and bite, but it is equally effective when Rupert is smarmy, dumb, or pitiful: "I see the awful, terrible things in my life and turn it [*sic*] into something funny." He is only mouthing a cliché, but, sad to say, there is the ache of truth in it; his comic monologue, which fractures the *Langford Show* audience, is partly based, we surmise, on genuine childhood traumas.

This is where things become particularly muddled. The monologue strikes me as only slightly less funny than most such monologues, which I don't find very funny either. Are the filmmakers saying that Pupkin's comedy is junk, but that on the *Langford Show*, introduced by Tony Randall, it enchants an audience of Pavlovian fools? Or are they saying that Pupkin does have that minimal talent needed to make anybody's success in this abysmal business? Is the film about weirdos cannibalizing their betters, or are there no betters, and are large numbers of—if not, indeed, all—Americans a breed of imbeciles? Is the satire specific or all-inclusive?

If the latter, why doesn't the film prepare us for it? There are hints, but they are few and fuzzy. True, a middle-aged harridan talking on a street phone recognizes the passing Jerry Langford and, without letting go of the receiver, flatters him abjectly, extorts his autograph, but then, when he refuses to talk to her nephew over the phone, hideously wheels on the star: "You should only get cancer! I hope you get cancer!" Rita, mortally embarrassed at having been inveigled into invading Jerry's country house, nevertheless stuffs a bibelot from a side table into her pocketbook. Is this a pathetic attempt to recoup a little dignity, to have something to show for this unmerited humiliation; or is it, after all, simply a piece of thievery, giving even the seemingly decent Rita her dram of vileness? And why does Jerry have only office staff, domestics, and a lapdog, but no trace of family or friends? Is that the proverbial loneli-

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ness at the top, or is he, too, merely a Pupkin on a pedestal? He does appear to be self-contained yet seething with something within, but what: frustration, repressed arrogance, or a nagging sense of unearned success?

Occasionally, there are lapses from credibility in an otherwise laudable attempt to emphasize reality in some of its more surreal aspects, but reality nevertheless. Though I have seen the film twice, I still miss a proper explanation of Masha's having the family town house to herself on abduction night. No parents, no servants; only this unhinged girl, scarcely to be entrusted with the safety of so palatial a domain. Again, if Langford is so wildly popular as to be mobbed nightly at the studio exit, would he quite so regularly walk alone through New York's threatening streets? And what about Rupert's job and financial status? He can take endless time off his messenger work and, although he complains of insolvency, is a flashy dresser (his outfits sometimes clumsily aping Jerry's), owns fancy sound equipment, and seems wanting for nothing. The gag whereby we only hear his always offscreen mother hectoring him does not clarify his presumable economic dependency.

Yet despite vacillations, there are respects in which *The King of Comedy* displays more assurance than any previous Scorsese film. The intermingling of Rupert's daydreams of glory with his shabby reality is strikingly managed; Rupert's psychology, language, and demeanor are presented with accuracy and the appropriate discomfiting humor, somewhere between laughter and wincing; and De Niro's performance perfectly captures the manic persistence of the idiot savant. When Langford tells him that he cannot begin at the top—the *Langford Show*—but must start at the bottom, catch De Niro's delivery of the reply, "That's where I am, at the bottom"; he is magisterially both ridiculous and chilling in proffering a confession of failure as a badge of honor and qualification. As Masha, Sandra Bernhard succeeds in being both frighteningly derailed and childishly pitiable; as Rita, Diahnne Abbott plays a once-popular high-school cheerleader defeated by life with touching reserve. And Jerry Lewis's Langford—always wary, prickly, his face pulled in with uneasy self-control, like a waistline constricted by a Draconian belt—makes us squirmily aware of the constraints of fame. Minor roles are well taken, whether by celebrities playing themselves, little-known actors (notably the stunning Shelley Hack as Langford's cool secretary), or sundry members of the Scorsese family.

There is excellent production design by Boris Leven, the interiors of Jerry's two residences being particularly impressive in their expensively unlived-in-looking frigidity. Scorsese's handling of the camera, ably seconded by Thelma Schoonmaker's editing, is equally compelling in the vividly orchestrated sequence of Pupkin being chased through the Langford offices by the security staff and in the patiently searching closeups in which De Niro deploys Rupert's bestial blatancy with disarming innocence. Rumor has it that there was studio interference obliging the filmmakers to make the humor less black; but even if *The King of Comedy* is often closer to Mel Brooks than to Evelyn Waugh, it still says more than most current American films. □

TELEVISION

CONCERN AND CLERGY

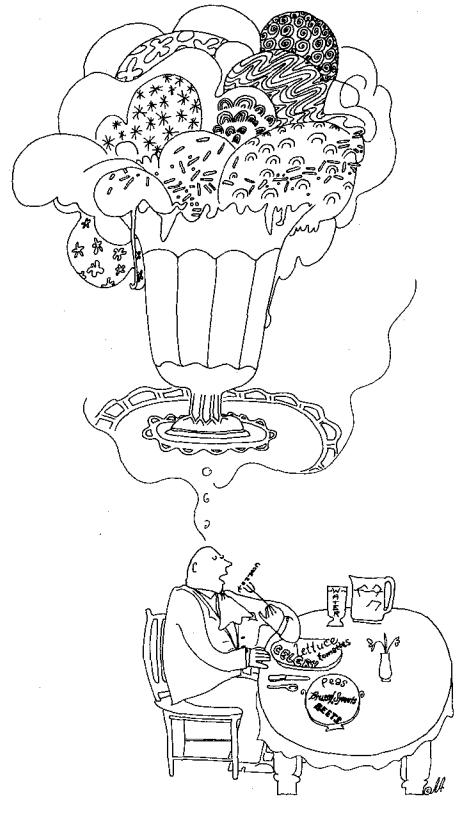
JOSEPH SOBRAN

It being Holy Week and all, I guess ABC didn't think it would be in good taste to show a pope naked in bed with a woman. So in *The Thorn Birds*, Richard Chamberlain never got beyond the rank of cardinal. I think he was a mere archbishop in the last sex scene, which I missed. In the first one, which I saw, he lost his virginity with real panache: not only did the woman seem to be having the time of her life, she got pregnant too. That's what I call beginner's luck. Of course *he* didn't find out about the baby till years later, so he couldn't pass cigars around the Curia.

The one shot of Chamberlain's buns was too dimly lit to allow a real comparison with those of Jeremy Irons and Anthony Andrews in that other Catholic serial last year. In both stories, the principals wound up going to Heaven, after lives of carnal delight. *Brideshead Revisited* definitely had more tone to it, though. When Chamberlain appeared near the end of *The Thorn Birds* with a lot of smeary pencil marks on his face, it took me a moment to grasp that these were meant to signify Old Age.

I passed on *The Winds of War* (no pun intended), and having successfully avoided nearly every episode of the late *M*A*S*H* for 11 years, I feel like a hermit, unfit for general company. For days after the final episodes of these shows I could only make out a few phrases of the conversations going on around me. I was just *out of it*, more than ever. Still am. Know who Alan Alda is, though. And Robert Mitchum I remember from the movies. Big fellow. Deep voice. Been into bashing Nazis now for forty years. The Third Reich has lasted a lot longer in Hollywood than it did in Germany. Whereas the Soviet Union has been around nearly seventy years, and Hollywod *still* hasn't granted it recognition. Hitler must be a religion or something.

One show I do try to catch is *Agronsky and Company*. Agronsky talks like a slow-motion Howard Cosell, and when he addresses a question to Carl Rowan, who talks like a slow-motion Andy Griffith, you should hear the repartee fly. "Well, . . . Carl, . . . what do . . . *you* . . . think about the . . . Administration's . . . proposal?" "Martin, *Ah think* . . . that if *this Administration* . . . *thinks* . . . that it can *pull the wool* over the *eyes* . . . of the *American people* . . . then it's got *anoth-*



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er think comin'. . . . That's what *Ah* think."

Very relaxing.

The one regular panelist I can't abide is Elizabeth Drew. She is one of those Washington fixtures who are always denouncing "ideology"—meaning conservative principle—while maintaining a remarkable ideological consistency of their own. I wonder if the woman has ever moved one inch rightward on anything. Has she ever taken a position strongly inconvenient to the Soviet Union? For that matter, has any liberal? They always find ad hoc reasons for arriving at the same *practical* position the Soviets hold. Don't they get tired of always telling the Russians, "Fancy meeting you here"? Maybe people like Liz Drew don't even *know* they're ideologues. I do think she is beautiful, though.

One recent Sunday I had a close shave. Through no fault of my own, I nearly turned my set on during an appearance by Jimmy Carter. I strongly dislike the idea of this man strutting around as a former President, as if there had ever been anything the least bit formerly presidential about him. The only good thing about his Administration is that it may have annihilated any chance that Walter Mondale will ever be President. Cross your fingers.

Anyway, I missed Carter and wound up watching a show about the National Council of Churches' movie awards. Competition for the awards was stiff this year, there having been so many movies of decidedly subversive tendency, but the Council finally settled on three worthy recipients: *Gandhi*, *Tootsie*, and *Wasn't That a Time*. *Gandhi*'s producer-director, Sir Richard Attenborough, was on hand, earnest as all get-out on the general subject of Gandhi's relevance for our time, which it seems is greater than ever. *Tootsie* was honored for its message of understanding the other sex's perspective, a theme handled with a hilariously light touch, or words to that effect.

Wasn't That a Time is a documentary about the Weavers, the folk-singing group that included Pete Seeger and was unaccountably blacklisted during the heyday of you-know-what-ism. One of the original members, a fellow named Hellerman, showed up to discuss the meaning of it all. He explained that the Weavers were . . . *concerned*, and "being concerned means . . . the wide spectrum . . . of human concerns." A clip from the film showed the Weavers denouncing Reagan. Hellerman complained that the media don't really cover the big issues. Like the freeze movement. Have you seen *anything* on TV about the freeze movement?

I was mildly surprised that the Council didn't give any sort of award to *E.T.* for its promotion of interplanetary understanding. And when I caught the tail end of the Oscar presentations, there was Attenborough again, going on about the relevance of Gandhi to our time . . . □

The GIMLET EYE

RADIO SEX

D. KEITH MANO

Her voice jars me like insulin shock. Dr. Ruth Westheimer (or, as she'd pronounce it, Dr. Huth Vestheimer) has easily the most unpleasant female tone since Bob and Ray did Mary McGoon: damn sound could decoy geese down. But, for someone whose lucrative profession it has been to advise absolute strangers about sex, this piping, preening, erratic kettle noise is bang on. No way you could fantasize any sort of tryst with Dr. Huth: I'd rather try seducing an empty Danskin. Moreover, the Viennese (German?) accent is, well, prophylactic. It removes all sense of impropriety: European-women-are-allowed-to-talk-about-that. If Freud had been born in Cleveland, he would've discovered the Oedipus vacuum cleaner or something. And his name would've been Frood.

This sort of radio show was spun off

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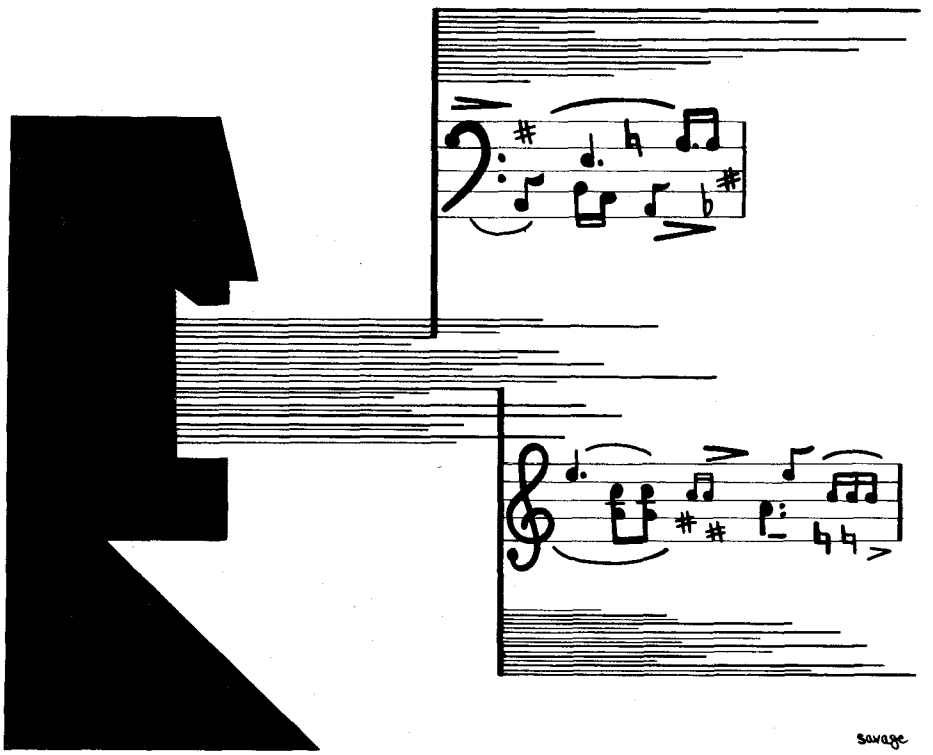

by a recent trend in American erotic merchandising: you might call it confessional realism. Around 1975 or so, art-directed raunch began to have strange moments of impotence. Centerfold silicone and the porn-film orgy didn't arouse as once they did. This was, in good part, because both were artificial, unattainable: in part, also, because they disclosed a class gap between reader or watcher and the object of lust. Four-color nude women belong to rich men: the bacchanalia is patronized by a subculture that can afford VD and, even more important, late nights out on Tuesday or Wednesday. Even in fantasy you come across performance fear. It has less to do with morals or squeamishness than with money.

Penthouse magazine first exploited this tilt in our American pelvis. I would guess that the "Forum" section, made up of specious "real" correspondence, shot *Penthouse* to number one all by itself. Each letter was a small middle-class (and seldom urban middle-class) sexual adventure: housewife next door, high-school teacher, bank teller. The *ménage à trois* took place in your two-car garage. College students and state policemen could relate: the ambiance was never Biarritz or Tahiti or even Greenwich Village. Today there are at least eight or nine Forum-style digests for sale. And voyeurism from that general income level, disguised most often as sexual problem-solving, has become a suggestive staple in *Cosmo*, *New Woman*, *Ms.* By some weird reversal, exotic environments are pretty much the domain of paperback romance—which is almost never explicit. You can tell really torched-up sex now by the residential zoning and a stretch mark or two.

Dr. Huth, though, has never been suggestive. When she says, "Un orgasm is just zum kind uff schneeze," you do not tend to turn on. Frankly I'd rather be propositioned by a stewing hen. But her cheerful, bluff, clinical attack is also self-protective: on a subject so charged with feeling and contention, FCC standards probably require pHisoHex in the voice.

Her phone audience is from some sexual Pop Warner League: they are often astonishingly young (16, 17), fearful, and misinformed to the point of strange sophistication. Tom, for instance, has heard that menthol cigarettes will make him sterile. ("Zat's a new vun on me. I vill giff you credit for zis myth in my next lecture.") Al, at the moment of orgasm, feels like he is turning into a werewolf. Could he be crazy? ("Is your girlfriend haffing pleasure? Don't vorry zen. You're one uf the best luffers from zis tri-state area.") And, monotonously, passionately—as if she had stock in a natural lamb membrane firm—she will beg people to use contraception.

Half her questions could be from the Dear Abby page. How come my husband is still looking at other women? Why does she pull away from me? Should I leave him? Now and then Dr. Huth may play her recording of "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair." Other questions relate to pure technique and divulge, for all our precious permissiveness, an encyclopedic ignorance of what sexual pleasure is. These she will answer with the brisk professionalism that some carpenter installing a range hood might show. And should there be resistance she is never embarrassed to say, "Tell him Dr. Huth said so."

Her moral stance is, oh, Judaeo-Christian, relativist, libertarian: by which I mean she doesn't make things too much worse than they were already. Dr. Huth will accept and reinforce your personal religious or ethical belief system. She doesn't hawk sex as if it were a generic food. Of course she isn't offended by cohabitation or pre-marital intimateness (if she were, only Joe Sobran would tune in), yet, as a lady should, she can say no. After Frank told us that he was making love to his sister-in-law she said, "Shtop it, just shtop it." Heidi is curious: should she have an affair with her married boss? ("Heidi, you know me already. He is married, you are married—my answer would be absolute—no!") Her position is cagy enough and, from a libertarian angle, unassailable. Adults can consent—but that mature acquiescence must also consider the to-be-injured brother or wife.

MIDDLE-CLASS people are a reticent subset. They don't normally assume the confessional realistic mode. Yet 67 per cent of them, one recent poll gave notice, felt that sex wasn't all that it had been cracked up to be. Unfortunate statistic: as you and I know, nothing cracks up better. But there is, apparently, considerable variance between expectation (as pictured by the media) and event. Dr. Huth's pragmatic approach may drain some romance from sexual love. That, I suspect, is a good thing. To be candid: sexual enjoyment and completion are frequently more a matter of mechanical deftness than of spontaneous passion. Love, even nuptial love, may fail in bed and lose confidence—particularly when it has been daunted by the gross exaggeration of porn. Dr. Huth and responsible people like her are go-betweens: they allow an

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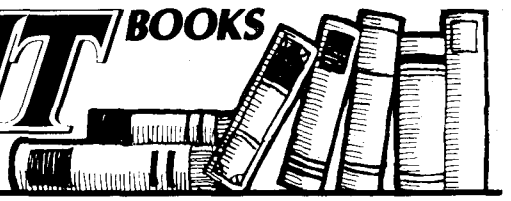

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

AT A TIME when the long-standing doctrine of "just war" is being hotly debated in the Catholic Church, the following quote, taken from a volume printed by Voyenizdat, the Soviet military publishing house, should be of interest to the American bishops:

> . . . On the Communist side, nuclear war will be lawful and just, . . . the natural right and sacred duty of progressive mankind to destroy imperialism. . . . It will resolve not specific limited political interests but a crucial historical problem, one that affects the fate of all mankind.

That quotation is culled from a useful booklet called *War and Peace: Soviet Russia Speaks* (National Strategy Information Center, 111 East 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022; $1.95), edited by Albert L. Weeks and William C. Bodie and with an essay by Frank R. Barnett, president of the NSIC. Noting that since Yuri Andropov's accession much nonsense has been written about how the USSR has come to be essentially "like us," the editors observe that the words that "responsible" Western observers put in the mouths of the Kremlin hierarchy do not correspond with what originates thence. "To find out," they argue, "what Soviet intentions really are, one must look at the statements Soviet officials and spokesmen issue as policy and doctrine to their own nation at large." Of these pronouncements they have selected the choicest morsels. Most are coarse, swinish, brutally cynical. Two are exquisitely honed little missiles—silver bullets with Jonathan Schell's name on them:

"A thermonuclear war would be fatal to capitalism. . . . Marxist-Leninist teaching on war and politics is applicable to the thermonuclear age."—General-Major A. S. Milovidov, 1975.

"We cannot be intimidated by fables that in the event of a new world war, civilization will perish."—*Pravda*, 1955.

Barnett, in his essay, draws the appropriate conclusions from the material compiled in this book: "Our enemies (they are enemies, not 'adversaries') are not constrained by the memory of the Magna Carta, nor the legacy of the Golden Rule."

The Intelligent Layperson's Guide to the Nuclear Freeze and Peace Debate: Twenty Questions & Answers on the Most Urgent Issues of Our Time (National Strategy Information Center, $2.95), by Joyce E. Larson and William C. Bodie, and with a preface by Gerald L. Steibel, can be read as a still more hard-hitting companion volume.

Steibel begins by asking: Even if a freeze were possible, what in fact would be frozen?

> Surely not the danger. Not a single weapon now in place would be spiked or dismantled. The engines of terror would be no more leashed and no less menacing the day after a freeze than the day before. Only projected additions would be stopped. Since these additions are much more vital to the United States than to the Soviet Union, given present imbalances, a freeze would lock out the solution, not the problem, for this country.

Steibel attributes the freeze movement to the work of "concerned" citizens, their ranks augmented by naïfs, dissidents, and "professional Soviet-watchers." Behind them all, he argues, is the Soviet Union itself. Drawing upon an article by John Barron published last October in *Reader's Digest*, he makes the case for the orchestration of the freeze by the KGB, working through Georgi Arbatov's Soviet Institute for the U.S.A. and Canada, and by the notorious World Peace Council.

ALTHOUGH to my mind Steibel is overly generous toward these "concerned citizens," he is wary of such precarious issues being decided by housewives, clerics, and students. "For masses of people to stampede into the fray with theater and slogans is to paralyze the professionals."

The question-and-answer material that follows Steibel's remarks is an efficient device for clearing up many popular misconceptions about America's present place in the so-called "arms race." □

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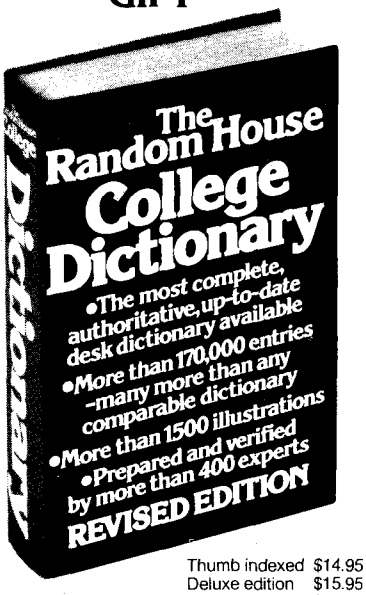
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As for me: I'm just glad I can smoke Kools again. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COMPASSIONATE SAMARITAN: *The Life of Lyndon Baines Johnson, by Philip Reed Rulon (Nelson-Hall, 348 pp., $21.95).* Rulon, a history professor from Arizona, has written a biography of LBJ that will pass muster in the country around the Pedernales but almost nowhere else. Rulon worships Johnson. For him, the man was not a mere President, he was a deity who walked among us for a brief time, dispensing favors on his way to reunion with the hosts of heaven. Johnson's mother felt the same. Rulon says she treated him like a senator even as he bawled in the cradle. A minister's daughter who felt that marrying Sam Ealy Johnson had dropped her a rung on the social ladder, she was anxious that her firstborn climb back up and keep going. She had a gift for rhetoric, and the young LBJ was reared with eloquent and relentless homilies on the sacred duty of the public servant. So much so that he drove off to California as soon as he could see over the steering wheel, there to work as a dishwasher until, raw-handed and penniless, it came to him that his mother was right. He went home, entered teachers' college, taught school, and ran for the Texas legislature. He won. From there he sailed smoothly to Washington. This book concentrates on Johnson's subsequent preoccupation with education. It was principally he who opened the lid of the federal treasury to pedagogues who claimed that money would make kids smarter. Rulon considers the disbursement nothing short of biblical; thus the title. It was. When Johnson became President, the Federal Government was spending $2 billion a year on education. The figure reached $12 billion by 1967, and the nature of American public schooling was transformed. It was a queer kind of compassion that Rulon's Samaritan brought from the scrub hills of west Texas: force-feed the backward using other people's money, and claim credit on the campaign platform to advance one's own career. Had the Samaritan of Luke's gospel behaved like that, the Judean would have lain beaten and dying for want of tax money to pay for his recovery. What did Johnson's obsession do for American education? Rulon doesn't say. But the evidence of plummeting test scores and dropping admission standards speaks clearly enough. PAUL T. HORNAK

BLUE HIGHWAYS: *A Journey into America, by William Least Heat Moon (Little, Brown, 441 pp., $17.50).* In the tradition, if not the style, of Alexis de Tocqueville, Mark Twain, and a host of others of greater or lesser degrees of fame, William Least Heat Moon travels the highways and byways in search of the quintessential America, the America of Mom and apple pie, following the secondary roads that once were marked in blue on the highway maps. Least Heat Moon (better known back in Columbia, Mo. as William Trogdon) takes to the road—after learning that his college teaching job has been canceled because of declining enrollment—in a half-ton van named Ghost Dancing, with the avowed purpose of staying on the "three million miles of bent and narrow rural American two-lane roads, the roads to Podunk and Toonerville. Into the sticks, the boondocks, the burgs, backwaters, jerkwaters, the wide-spots-in-the-road, the don't-blink-or-you'll-miss-it towns. Into those places where you say, 'My god! What if you lived here!' The Middle of Nowhere." Trogdon follows a long circular route in which he covers better than 11,000 miles and meets a fascinating array of "plain folks" who have managed to escape assimilation into suburban culture in such places as Nameless, Tenn.; Wanchese, N.C.; Conyers, Ga.; Dime Box, Tex.; and Liberty Bond, Wash. Unfortunately, Trogdon covers so much ground in such a short time (a little over three months) that it can only be a very superficial look at parts of the country that could easily serve as the subject for an entire book. Early on, Trogdon pledges to give himself over to the subject of his Indian ancestry just once and then to say no more on "*that* subject." Aside from a few passing allusions, he lives up to his promise, which is just as well since his Indian ancestry does not seem to be terribly relevant to what he is attempting. At the end of his journey, Trogdon asks himself what he had accomplished, and the answer is, "I hadn't sailed the Atlantic in a washtub, or crossed the Gobi by goat cart, or bicycled to Cape Horn. In my own country, I had gone out, had shared, I had stood as witness." The question is, How much you can share and stand witness to in such a brief look?

NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

STUART LEEDS

FINDINGS, *by Leonard Bernstein (Simon & Schuster, 376 pp., $17.95).* Leonard Bernstein's latest book is a coffee-table collection of miscellaneous prose and verse written over a 45-year period, which reveals with appalling candor the limitless extent of Mr. Bernstein's storied chutzpah. On one level, only Tom Wolfe could do justice to a volume that contains such deathless gems as a poem called "Life Is Juicy," a birthday acrostic for Stephen Sondheim, a *This I Believe* script that begins "I believe in people" and ends "We must believe in people," and the absolutely complete text of the author's previously (and understandably) unpublished 1939 Harvard undergraduate thesis on "The Absorption of Race Elements into American Music." Still, Leonard Bernstein, schmaltz and all, is unquestionably a genius of sorts, and so *Findings* will be essential reading for anyone seriously interested in the particulars of his dazzling, implausible career. But be warned that the poetry is uniformly dreadful, though the prose does have its moments, not all of them unintentionally hilarious. Evenly distributed among hundreds of great photographs are both a generous helping of knee-jerk idiocy and a surprising amount of genuine musical wisdom. There is also a detailed list of Mr. Bernstein's compositions that contains two important omissions, one presumably accidental and one obviously not. *Touches*, a piano suite commissioned by the Van Cliburn Competition, is left out—as is *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*, Mr. Bernstein's very own contribution to the Bicentennial festivities, a Broadway musical that closed after something like six performances. It's interesting to discover that Leonard Bernstein is still touchy after all these years. TERRY TEACHOUT

McDOUGALL

(Continued from page 556)

becoming far more of a garrison state than we are. In this context, space-based lasers appear as a fruitful technology in which our comparative advantage may be best exploited and our social values, born of an insular, liberal strategic tradition, best preserved. Of course, any large defense program must be judged on its merits, but there is no question of starting a new arms race.

Why build such machines, though, except to fight nuclear wars? Hasn't the human race used every weapon it has ever built? The makings of a straw man are here for either side of the debate.

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But this is not a useful approach. Historically, many weapons never got built in the first place. Many of those that did surely prevented wars that might otherwise have occurred. We never hear about non-weapons and non-wars, because historians tend to assume that peace is the normal state of affairs. But a war prevented is not a fiction; it is the active triumph of statesmen able to shepherd their national interests without violence against the wolves. Suffice it to say that the U.S. in possession of a space-based defense is free to exercise restraint, free not to use weapons once built, as in the trying years of our atomic monopoly. One cannot be confident of the other side.

And if the worst should happen, in 1998, or 2001, I cannot imagine any weapons system in the history of the world that one would rather see get used than an exo-atmospheric "ray gun" that hates nuclear bombs.

Perhaps space-based lasers are absurd for technical, financial, or strategic reasons. If so, those reasons should be trumpeted abroad before we embark on a world-class boondoggle. But effective arguments on both sides of the issue can blossom only after the shibboleths are pruned. Most of us have lived all our adult lives in the missile age. It is hard to conceive of anything else. But that age, as Desmond Ball of the London-based International Institute of Strategic Studies has suggested, is coming to an end: "If the same resources go into lasers in the next twenty years as went into missiles and warheads in the Fifties and Sixties, then you can say the strategic implications will be more revolutionary."

Technology, nuclear or anti-nuclear, does not change the elements of strategy, for it cannot change human nature. But nuclear weapons did raise the stakes. The current intoxication with a nuclear freeze has this virtue: it reminds us of the bankruptcy of stockpiling pellets of destruction till Hell won't hold them. Let us pledge our minds and money instead to a cluster of technologies that promises to restore the dominance of defense—and invite the Soviet Union to do the same. It may or may not increase the risk of bluffs' being made and called, but it does ensure that even after the worst, the game would go on.

And if there is a chance to call a halt to the game, then, God willing, let the nations do so in an age of defensive stability, not balance of terror. □

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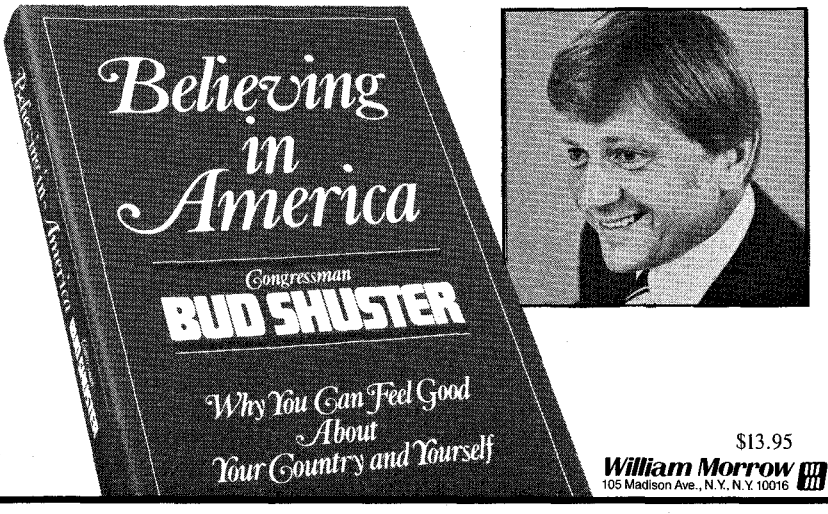

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Nicaragua's Literary Defenders

On The Right

New York, April 22—I would love to know what happens behind the scenes at "P.O. Box 7527, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109." That was the listed sending station in last Sunday's *New York Times* for a tirade against the United States Government that might have been written, and probably was, by a Communist. The message was billed, "To the People of the United States." It was signed by Gabriel García Márquez, Carlos Fuentes, Günter Grass, Graham Greene, Julio Cortazar, William Styron, Heinrich Böll.

A few observations:

1. Of the signers, only one is an American, Mr. Styron. Mr. Styron is a wonderful writer, and knows as much about politics as Nat Turner. It was Styron who led the brigade of literary types to Paris last month to celebrate anti-Americanism with Jack Lang, M. Mitterrand's then-Minister of Culture, since happily removed. The others include two German leftists, three Latin American left-leftists, and Graham Greene, who would side with Pol Pot if he were a Latin American.

Now, all of this is relevant because the text of the message "to the People of the United States" presupposes that the message's sponsors are concerned with the letter of American law, which is as amusing as to assume that the sponsors are concerned with the letter of the law in their own countries, let alone that of Nicaragua, the country they have mobilized in order to defend against the government of the United States. What are they upset about? The "undeclared, covert, irrational, inhuman, dangerous, and immoral adventure undertaken by the government of Ronald Reagan."

2. The legality of whatever it is that is now going on between American agents and anti-Sandinistas in and around Nicaragua is not clear. Congress passed last December a resolution enjoining the United States from using federal money for the purpose of overthrowing the government of Nicaragua. It is the contention of the Administration that our agents in the field are concerned not to overthrow the government of Nicaragua but to interdict Nicaraguan-based forces from attempting to overthrow the government of El Salvador.

Notice, please, the use of the word "overthrow." That is what, necessarily, you do if you desire to change a non-democratic government. One speaks of "defeating" the government of Ronald Reagan or Margaret Thatcher. But the only way to defeat the government of the Sandinistas is to overthrow it. Why? Because the Sandinistas, having promised they would hold elections after overthrowing Somoza (which we helped them do, without protests from P.O. Box 7527 in Winston-Salem 27109), on achieving power immediately changed the subject and now have no intention whatever of scheduling elections. Thus the opening statement of the sponsors of the ad tends to lose any meaning. "The present United States Administration has gone to war against the people and government of Nicaragua." Inasmuch as nobody knows who represents the people of Nicaragua, the people never having been allowed to speak for themselves, it is impossible to know whether in opposing a government that forbids freedom we are opposing the people whose freedom is forfeit.

3. The sponsors tell us that what is going on in Nicaragua is "an inhuman war. It is destroying the modest but profound achievements of the Nicaraguan Revolution." It does not detail the modest but profound achievements of the Nicaraguan Revolution. It says nothing about the genocidal war against the Miskito Indians. Nothing about efforts of the Nicaraguan government to export totalitarianism to neighboring countries. Nothing about the solidarity expressed by the Sandinistas with the oldest totalitarian nation in the area, that of Fidel Castro, whose modest achievements include torturing poets.

4. The sponsors of the statement are among the finest living writers. To see their names attached to boilerplate Bolshevik jargon makes an entirely extra-political side of the reader sad. It is as if Pío Baroja, Jacinto Benavente, Rufino Blanco Fombona, Ezra Pound, Bertolt Brecht, and Thomas Mann had signed a half-page ad complaining about Turkish imperialism, the text of which was, "Turkish tyranny stinks because it's so stinky." If Mr. Reagan has any troops left over, we would all benefit from a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to visit Winston-Salem Box 7527 to give these Nobel types a lesson in a) how to write literate political copy, and b) how not to fall on one's ethical ass. □

DO YOU NEED TO KNOW WHAT JOE SAYS?

New York, April 4—The invitation—by Mr. Ted Koppel, ABC's very bright young man—was to discuss President Reagan's press conference on Wednesday, at which he signified his willingness to take an interim position on the matter of intermediate missile deployment in Europe. Who else would be on? Zbigniew Brzezinski, said the producer, and Joe Adamov. Who's he? Joe Adamov, she said, is a radio-TV commentator for Radio Moscow.

On the way home, a couple of hours before studio time, I went over the day's mail and found a letter from a hot-blooded classmate who pronounced himself just about ready to give up on America. Why? Because, he said, he had watched *Nightline* the week before, where comments had been made on Reagan's missile-defense speech. And one of the commentators was Vladimir Posner, a Soviet radio and television commentator. And then—my friend's indignation caused the type to tremble—the following morning, the *Today* show featured commentary on the President's speech by Georgi Arbatov, the head of the U.S.-Canada think tank in

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Moscow. And in case you thought CBS was above that kind of thing, one of *its* programs had featured one Gennadi Gerassimov, also of Radio Moscow.

When asked by Mr. Koppel what I thought of the President's declaration, I replied that more interesting, really, than to devote my three and one-half minutes to saying the routine things about Mr. Reagan's anticipated compromise was to remark the extraordinary appearance on ABC television of a certified Soviet propagandist, Mr. Adamov, who, if he did not say what he was told to say about Mr. Reagan's press conference, would never again be heard on Radio Moscow, or for that matter anywhere else, save by fellow inmates in a psychiatric institution, or fellow prisoners in Gulag. Mr. Adamov replied with great wit that during World War II, whereas Americans had suffered only one thousand casualties per day, the Russians had suffered 14,000 casualties per day, whereupon I said that that meant Stalin needed to kill 14,000 fewer people per day, so put that down as a Russian contribution to the economy, whereupon Joe said that Gulag was back in Stalin's day, there wasn't any of that kind of thing left, and Ted broke in and said that thanks very much, but he thought there was still Gulag there. So it went.

But then Koppel said to me that, after all, wasn't it the business of American newscasters to find out what the Soviet people were thinking? To which the answer of course is that you don't find out what the Soviet people are thinking by asking a Soviet propagandist. And you don't find out what the government is thinking by finding out what the government is saying. The seven o'clock news had reported that not a single Soviet broadcaster had made any mention of Reagan's press conference—just as if it hadn't happened. Why? Because the Kremlin had not yet decided on what line to take. When it did decide, the word was passed along to Joe Adamov among others, and he passed it on to the American television audience, via *Nightline*.

IT OCCURS to me that the Soviets must feel an enormous contempt for Americans who are playing horse to their Lady Godiva. If one of Dr. Goebbels's henchmen had got on U.S. radio to explain what great efforts were being made in Nazi Germany to further interracial amity, Goebbels would have been pleased by his success in using American air time to broadcast his baloney, and utterly contemptuous of the Americans who let him get away with it.

It is one thing for a news commentator to say: "Tonight, the Soviet press denounced President Reagan, calling him a liar, a hypocrite, and a warmonger." That's ho-hum stuff. But to put on, live, someone who because he is a human being involves others in situations in which the social conventions are appropriate, where one has to nod one's head, and affect to deliberate the Soviets' declarations—is to impose very heavy strains on other commentators, let alone listeners who have to sit there and gnash their teeth. If Mr. Joe Adamov had said what he truly thinks, he'd be the late Mr. Adamov. If he actually believed what he said, he has no business lecturing to ten people, let alone ten million. It's a rough world, but why do we need to make it rougher? □

WHY NOT TRY?

New York, April 20—It is four weeks now since Mr. Reagan proposed that we explore other means of deterring Soviet aggression than the assured destruction of millions of Russians. My very favorite reaction to this proposal was that of *Scientific American*, which ran full-page newspaper ads pointing to two articles published several years ago by scientists who said that sci-fi protection wasn't possible. It is a little bit on the order of promoting your magazine by coming up with an article by somebody who insisted back in 1950 that it would not be possible for a satellite to orbit the earth. There was the scientist in the early part of the nineteenth century, arguing against the production of railroad trains, who pronounced that the human body was not constructed in such a way as to permit movement over the ground at a rate faster than 15 miles per hour. Perhaps he was introduced to the scientist who about the same time was explaining that surgery on human beings would not be possible, because opening up the human body would let in air, whose impact would be fatal. That would have been an interesting colloquy.

It is by no means safe to assume that it is indeed possible to launch American creatures that would knock down Soviet creatures shortly after they lifted off to obliterate American cities (see "How Not to Think about Space Lasers," p. 550). The difficulties are overwhelming. At least they would overwhelm you and me, which is not to say they would necessarily overwhelm the kind of people who discovered how to split the atom, or the kind of people who figured out how to land human beings on the moon. Or the kind of people who figure out how to pass off a Democratic candidate as a plausible physician for the American economy. Such feats may be beyond the ordinary imagination, but it is Mr. Reagan's point that maybe they are not beyond the extraordinary imagination.

Meanwhile there are very important matters to concern us. Principal among these, of course, is the development of anti-satellite technology. Jack Anderson has reported that the Soviet Union has developed a weapon called the SA-12 that is capable of knocking down tactical U.S. missiles, and capable potentially of knocking down our Poseidon submarine missiles. Because Jack Anderson said it does not necessarily mean that it is not so. And if it is so, we are facing, very soon, a situation in which the Soviet Union can neutralize all three legs of our triad: the fixed land missiles, the airplanes, and the submarines. Add to this the possibility of their knocking out our command control satellites and we'd be left without even the means to communicate instructions to our deterrent system.

WORD REACHES US, not through Mr. Anderson but through other channels, that advances being made by the Soviet Union at this awful technological juncture in human history are sobering, which does not mean automatically that they will sober Congress. From Congress we continue to hear the cant about the evil of taking away money that might be spent on human needs for the sake of spending it on the military—as if the military were otherwise engaged than in looking after the most basic human needs. And none of this is lost on the Soviet Union, whose propaganda enthusiastically aggravates American fear of the bomb and greed for government handouts. Any ear trained to the music of propaganda knows that if we strike a sub-dominant chord, the Soviet Union knows to answer with a dominant chord; all that came before was foreplay.

It is, quite possibly, much later than we think, to use the cliché. That is to say, if the Soviet Union has advanced against all three legs of our triad as also against our satellite communications system, clearly the Russians have a vested interest in arguing against the development of weapons that would make academic such advances.

But what is our argument for doing so? For going ahead with sci-fi? Particularly since the weapons we are considering are weapons designed to protect, rather than abort, human life?

Perhaps we will be taught by the legend of Tantalus that the kind of satisfaction we yearn for is not of this world. Tantalus could not get the fruit he reached for. But Tantalus thirsted—as we should thirst for the fruit of defense against nuclear weapons. It is our reluctance to experience that thirst that surprises. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A National League infielder, 1933-1946 — 39 20 24 13 55 144 162 5 79

B. These "sang together," according to Job (2 words) — 80 16 38 25 31 35 91 117 154 164 / 41 53

C. What the Prodigal Son "began to be in" — 158 10 49 111

D. "Have you . . . loosened the bonds of ___?" —Job 38:31 (New American Bible) — 37 87 90 40 50

E. An unusual dance? (or the first one?) — 140 126 157 88 105 42 60

F. Shadowy — 62 95 12 68 74

G. What the shepherds, Magi, and angels saw (3 words) — 69 8 14 22 98 36 63 81 18 92 / 121 46 132 142 115

H. The farthest away — 75 109 19 141 51 118 131

I. The most conspicuous northern constellation (2 words) — 86 15 26 48 108 116 135 149 163

J. What an elephant has — 93 100 112 72 130

K. The highest of all — 97 151 1 119 159 137 52

L. Where the flag is when the nation mourns (2 words) — 102 120 70 65 128 123 110 138

M. Daughter to Lois and mother to Timothy —II Tim. 1:5 (New American) — 107 136 96 127 29 2

N. Deliverance — 3 152 43 161 133 83 106 21

O. Town in Greene County, Ala. — 54 17 148 28 45

P. The name of 13 popes — 71 124 156 66 101 23 153 134

Q. One of the planets — 78 30 6 143 76 160 57

R. Golf-course hazards (2 words) — 94 82 146 125 165 89 103 27 32

S. "Have you fitted a curb to the ___?" —Job 38:31 (New American) — 150 67 61 145 129 84 114 7

T. The false science — 155 33 11 104 58 122 85 147 64

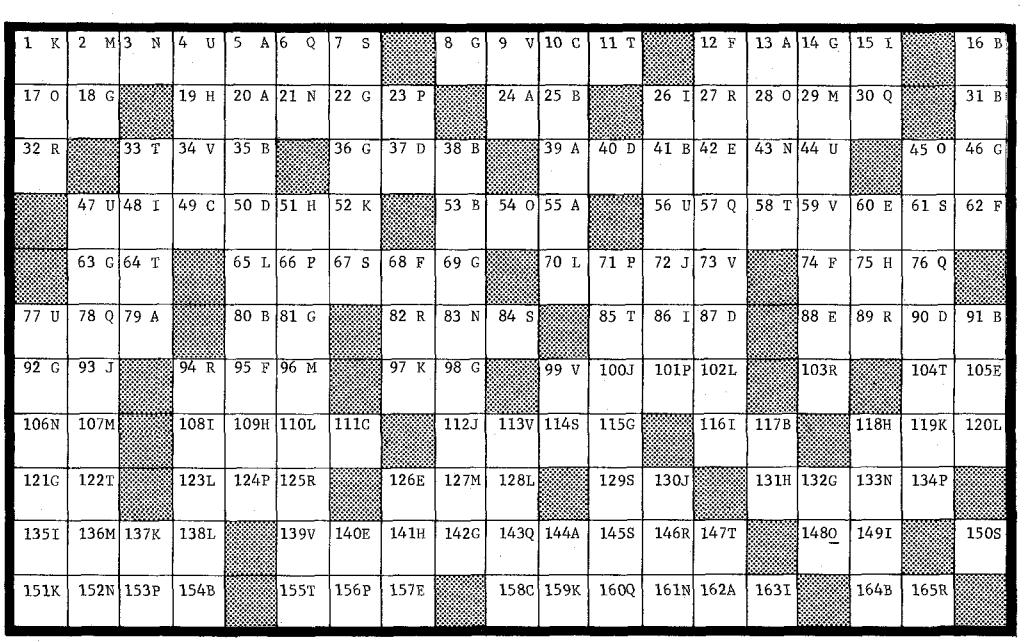
U. What certain Western chaps wear — 47 4 77 56 44

V. A city of which both the Apostle Paul and Shakespeare wrote — 113 59 9 73 99 34 139

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 582 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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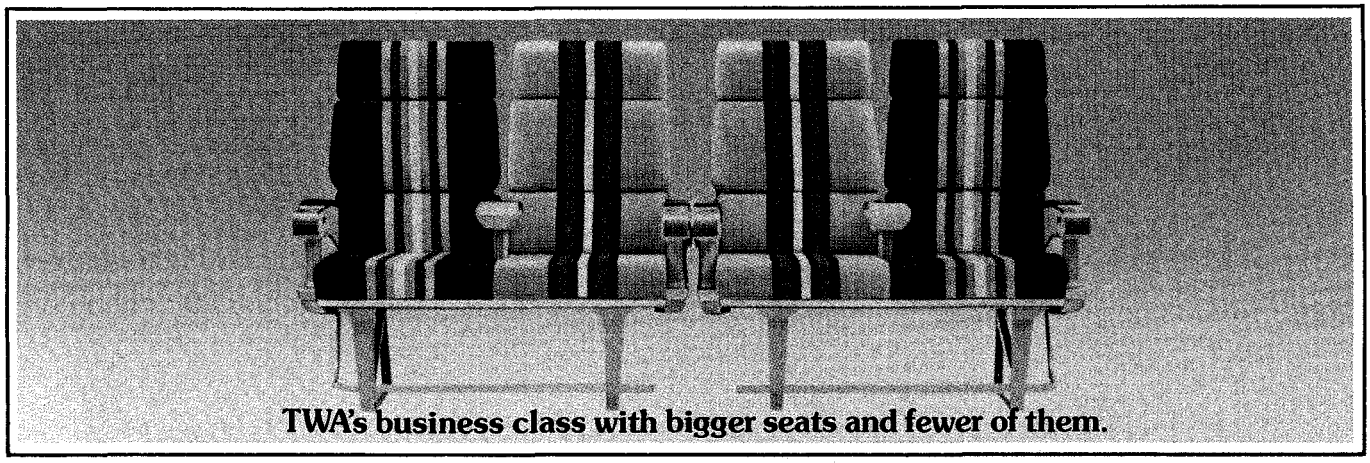
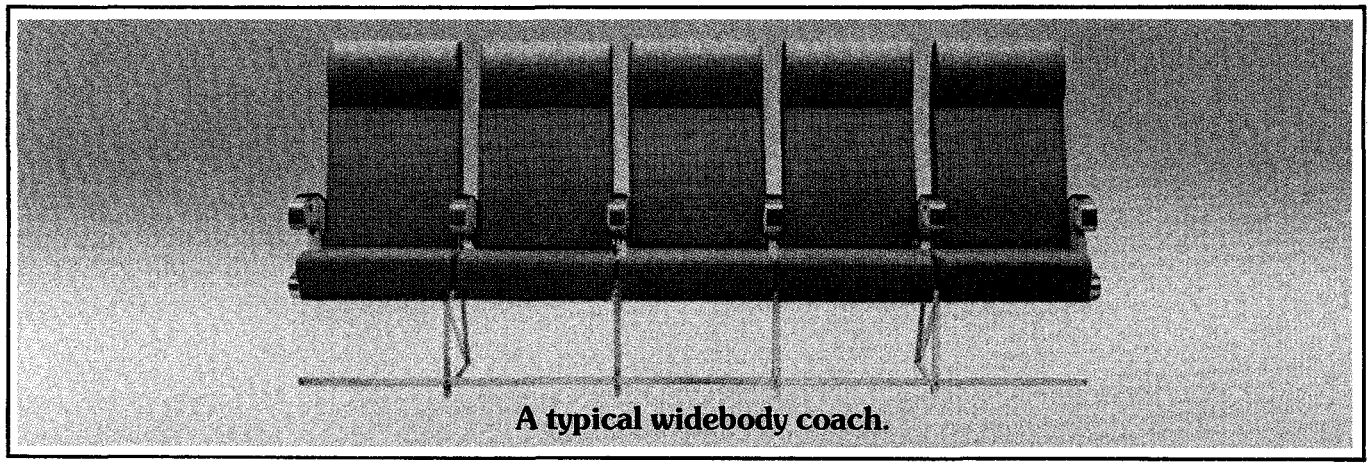
More seat vs. more seats.



TWA's business class with bigger seats and fewer of them.



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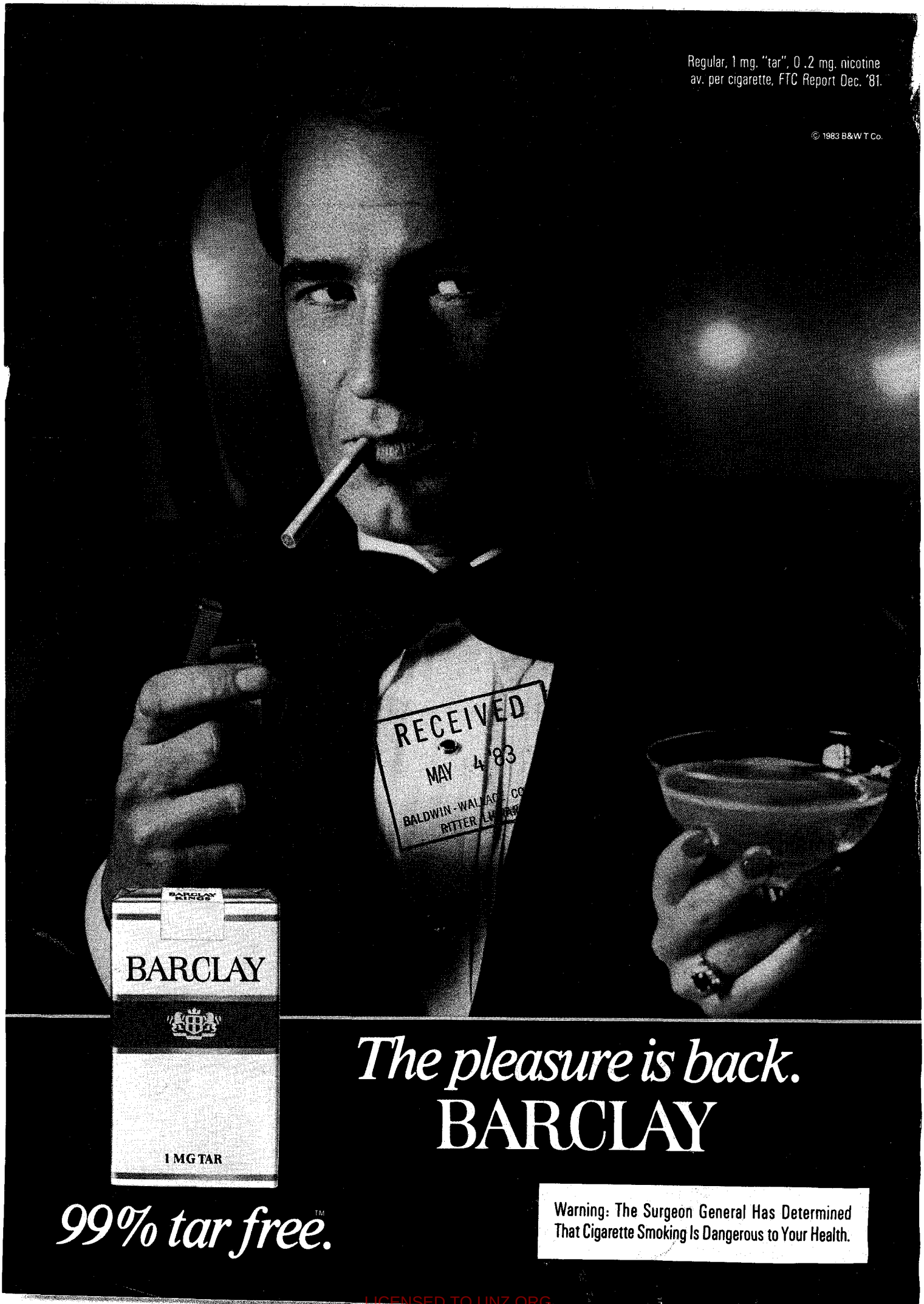
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